

THE
ATHENEUM;
OR,
SPIRIT OF THE
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, ON ALL
SUBJECTS.

MORAL STORIES.

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT
PERSONS.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS.

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, THE
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ORIGINAL POETRY.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS; DEATHS
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;
CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL
IMPROVEMENTS; &c. &c.

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1820, TO APRIL, 1821.

Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

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ANNALS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE.

From the European Magazine.

THE BROTHERS OF DIJON.

THE President of the Parliament of Dijon and the Bishop of Beauvais disputed one evening on the strange and desperate actions frequently committed by men of characters long approved and generally exemplary. "I have thought of this inconsistency," said the President, "till I have almost convinced myself that we have two souls; one which directs or attends only the mechanical and every-day business of our bodies, and a superior one which never acts unless excited by some peculiar things addressed to our feelings or passions. You and I must remember, that we have often wrote, read aloud, drawn, ate, talked, and dressed ourselves without any consciousness or idea: and these operations appear to me directed by what I fancifully call the soul of our bodies, while the soul of our minds is otherwise employed. If the notion or name of two souls displeases you, we will call them habit and impulse; but I conceive the last to be the result of our thoughts and feelings, the other of mere mechanical instinct. And I conceive this impulse or soul of our thoughts to be as capable of suddenly inciting actions contrary to our general habits, as those habits are often

practised without the assent and presence of our thoughts."

The Bishop was offended by this metaphysical subtlety. "Do you mean to tell me," said he, "that the natural impulses of men are wicked, whatever may be their general habits, and that such impulses are beyond controul?"

"I mean," continued the President, "that the sudden actions of men proceed from the general bent of their thoughts, not of their common conduct; therefore I judge by such actions of a man's real temper, rather than by his every-day duties and behaviour. And knowing that we are too apt to give our secret thoughts full licence, provided our actions are well regulated, I am not surprised when sudden temptation produces violent and scandalous acts in those whose ordinary conduct is decent, because premeditated or mere method."

The Prelate shook his head. "Perhaps," he replied, "I ascribe too much influence to reason, and you too little to temptation. We may both see and experience occasions when temptation creates thoughts never felt or indulged before, and when opportunity steps before judgment. I humbly trust to right habits as the best preservative from wrong impulses, and I leave you to de-

termine your belief by facts: though it is my belief, no less than your's, that no man's habits will be consistently and constantly good, whose thoughts are wandering and unregulated."

Soon after this conversation the Bishop left his brother, and returned to his hotel, or temporary residence, in Dijon. On the threshold, under the light of a few straggling lamps, he saw a stranger of mean appearance, who put a small billet into his hand, and waited respectfully while he looked into it. It was badly spelt and written, but purported to be from a dying woman in great need of spiritual help, and specially desirous to communicate with him at the corner house of the rue St. Madelaine. The Bishop knew this street to be situated at no great distance, in an honest though poor suburb, and the requested visit could be attended by no danger. Even if it had, the prelate had enough of benevolent courage to hazard something in his professional duty, and he desired the stranger to conduct his coachman. Alighting at the entrance of the narrow lane which led to the rue St. Madelaine, and was too narrow to admit his equipage, the Bishop desired his servants to await him there; for though he had too much charitable delicacy to desire parade in his visits of bounty, he also felt that his official station as a public instructor required him to shun all mysterious or questionable acts. Therefore directing his guide to take a flambeau from his lacquey, he followed him to the appointed door, and more particularly noticing the house, observed that its back wall overlooked the garden of a mansion occupied by a family he knew: the family, in short, from which his brother had selected his future wife, Therese Deshoulieres, a woman of noted beauty and high pretension. Perhaps this circumstance diverted his ideas so far as to prevent him from remarking the disappearance of his guide when he had unlocked a door, which the Bishop entering, found himself in a room very dimly lighted, and without furniture, except a bench on which a woman was sitting. She was muffled in a veil which she drew still

closer to her face, but he immediately recognized the air and figure of Therese Deshoulieres. She appeared no less dismayed and confounded, though she found courage to accost him—"Ah, my lord!—do not believe that I meet you intentionally: the man who just now brought you, decoyed me here by this forgery"—and she put into his hand a billet which seemed the counterpart of that he had received. It was in the same hand-writing, and nearly the same words; but the confusion in the Bishop's ideas made him return it in silence. "My servant accompanied me," continued the lady, "and is waiting in the house—surely, my lord, you have not devised this scene to afflict me!—The people I expected to see were sick and in distress, and I came because I feared nothing from honest poverty."—"Therese," said the Bishop sorrowfully, "if you had not *once* feared honest poverty, we need not have feared to meet each other now."—The lady wept; and though he began to doubt whether the whole was not the finesse of some feminine purpose, her tears were not without effect. But he did not misplace his confidence in the influence of right habits against sudden impulse; for his thoughts of Therese Deshoulieres had been so long governed and corrected, that this unexpected test did not disorder them. "I have nothing," he added, "to say to my brother's betrothed wife in fear and in secret;—nor any thing to desire from her, except that ring which she accepted once for a different purpose, and ought not to wear with her husband's." And, as he spoke, he approached to draw the ring from her finger on which he saw it glistening. A dimness came over Therese's eyes; and when it vanished, the Bishop was gone, but had not taken the ring from the hand she held out to him. She sat down on the only bench in the room, and wept a long time bitterly and trembling. In a few moments more, she remembered that her servant had been ordered to wait till the clock struck seven before he enquired for her. Her repeater sounded that hour, but Mitand did not appear. She dared not open

the door to go alone into the street, but the casement was unbarred, and it looked into her father's garden. She climbed out, and by the help of a few shrubs clinging to the wall, descended in safety, and made haste to the house, hoping her absence was undiscovered. But Mitand had already reached it, and alarmed her family by saying that he had expected to find his young mistress returned. Therese answered her father's angry questions by stating the simple truth—that she had been induced to visit the poor gardener's widow by a billet begging her immediate presence for a charitable purpose, and had found the little lodge empty of all furniture: but a young man who called himself her grandson, had requested Therese to wait a few moments while the widow came from her bed in an upper room. Mitand informed his master that he had waited at the door till a man in a gardener's habit bade him return home, as his lady would go by a back way through her father's garden. M. Deshoulieries blamed his old servant's careless simplicity, and asked his daughter if no other person had appeared. Therese faltering, and with a failing heart, replied, that a man had entered and demanded her ring; but being informed that her servant was stationed within hearing, had departed without further outrage. This prevarication, so near the truth, yet so fatally untrue, was the impulse of the moment. Therese had never before uttered a falsehood on an important occasion, but her thoughts had been long familiar with the petty finesses of female coquetry; and the step from small equivocations to direct untruth only required a spur.

To colour her evasion, Therese had concealed her ring among the garden shrubs; and professing that she had willingly yielded it to the thief as a bribe for his quiet departure, she entreated her father not to make such a trifle the subject of serious investigation. M. Deshoulieries, seeing no reason to doubt her sincerity, and fearing that an appeal to the police might compromise her reputation, agreed to suppress the matter. But he communicated it to his intended

son-in-law, the President of the provincial Parliament, who looked very gravely at the forged billet, and asked a particular description of the ring. Then, as he gallantly said, to atone for her loss, he sent Therese a splendid casket of jewelry, which, with some gratified vanity, she added to the celebrated set she inherited from her mother. And a few days after, she accompanied him to the church of St. Madelaine, where the Bishop, who had visited Dijon for that purpose, performed the nuptial ceremony.

One of the most splendid fetes ever seen in that province distinguished the bridal evening. The President, high in public esteem and flourishing in fortune, was attended, according to the custom of his country on such occasions, by the principal persons of his own class, and by all his kindred and friends in the neighbourhood. The Bishop remained in the circle till a later hour than usual, and perhaps with a more than usual effort, because he was aware a few persons in that circle knew the attachment of his youth to Therese Deshoulieries. But even his brother did not know that, being a younger son, he had been induced, for the benefit of his family, to enter the church, and renounce a woman whose pretensions were far above his honest poverty. Therefore on this occasion he affected, with some little pride, an air of perfect serenity; and though he had felt his forehead burn and freeze by turns, he knew his voice had never faltered while he pronounced a benediction on the marriage. He was pledging his brother after supper, when cries of fire were heard in the house. The great profusion of gauze ornaments and slight erections for the ball made the flames rapid beyond all help. Even the croud of assistants prevented any successful aid; for the number of timid women covered with combustible finery, and men unfitted by wine for personal exertion, disturbed those who came to be useful. "Is Therese safe?" was every body's cry, and every body believed she was, till the outline of a woman seen among the flames and

smoke at her chamber-window made the spectators redouble their shrieks. The bridegroom would have plunged again into the burning ruins, if his brother had not held him desperately in his arms: but the valet Mitand, who had lived with M. Deshoulières from his daughter's infancy, ran up the remains of the staircase and disappeared. In another instant the roof fell in, and Mitand was seen leaping from a burnt beam alone. He was wrapped in a large blanket which had saved his person, but his neck, hands, and head, were hideously scorched. When surrounded, and questioned whether he had seen his mistress, he wrung his hands, and shook his head in despair. They understood from his dumb anguish that he had seen her perish, and he remained obstinately sitting and gazing on the ruins till dragged away. The despair of the President was beyond words, and his brother's utmost influence could hardly restrain him from acts of madness. When the unfortunate bride's father deplored the festival which had probably caused its own dismal end, the President declared, with a fearful oath, that he knew and would expose the author. From that moment his lamentations changed into a sullen kind of fierceness, and he seemed to have found a clue which his whole soul was bent on. It was soon unfolded by the arrest of a young man named Arnaud, whose conveyance to prison was followed by his citation before the parliament of Dijon as an incendiary and a robber. M. Deshoulières gave private evidence to support these charges; but a day or two preceding that appointed for a public examination, the President went to the intendant of the province and solemnly resigned his chair in the judicial court. "It is not fitting," said he, "that I should be a judge in my own cause, and I only entreat that I may not be summoned as a witness."

"No," added the President, as he returned with his brother, "it is not fit that I should be called upon to identify that man, lest his real name should be deemed enough to convict him of any

guilt. It is sufficient for me to know him: we will not prejudice his judges."

The Parliament of Dijon assembled with its usual formality, and the Intendant-general of the province was commissioned to act as President on this occasion. The Bishop and his brother sat in a curtained gallery where their persons might not fix or affect the attention of the court: the bereaved father was supported in a chair as prosecutor, and the prisoner stood with his arms coolly folded, and his eyes turned towards his judges.

The first question addressed to him was the customary one for his name. "You call me Arnaud," said the prisoner, "and I answer to the name."

"Is it your real name?"

"Have I ever been known by any other?"

"Your true appellation is Felix Lamotte," said the Procureur-general—"and I crave permission of the court to remind it that you stood here ten years ago on an occasion not much more honourable."

The *ci-devant* President handed a paper to the Procureur, requesting that nothing irrelevant to the present charge might be revived against the prisoner.

"Messieurs," said the Public Accuser, addressing himself to the judges, "I humbly venture to assert, that what I shall detail is not irrelevant, as it may exhibit the character of the accused, and give a clue to his present conduct. Felix Lamotte is the nephew of a financier well remembered in Dijon, and his prodigality gave such offence that his uncle threatened to disinherit him, and leave his great wealth to his most intimate friend, the President of this court. But he, after repeated intercessions and excuses for this young man, prevailed on the elder Lamotte to forgive him. When the nephew heard his uncle's will read, he found the President distinguished by only a legacy of ten thousand livres, and himself residuary legatee. You expect, messieurs, to hear that Felix Lamotte was grateful to his mediating friend, and careful of his unexpected wealth. He appeared to be grateful until he became poor again

by his prodigality. Then, finding a flaw in his uncle's will, he came before this tribunal to dispossess his friend of the small legacy he enjoyed, believing that, as heir at law, he might grasp the whole. The President, who had not then reached his present station among our judges, appeared as a defendant at this bar with a will of later date, which he had generously concealed, because the testator therein gave him all, charged only with a weekly stipend to his prodigal nephew. These are the facts which the President desired to conceal, because the ungrateful are never pardoned by their fellow-creatures, nor judged without rigour. We shall see presently how the accused shewed his repentance."

"Stop, sir!" said Felix Lamotte, haughtily waving his hand to command silence, "I never did repent. The President created my error by concealing the truth. If, instead of permitting me to rely on a will which had been superseded, he had shewn me the last effectual deed of gift, I should have known the narrowness of my rights, and the value of whatever bounty he had extended. He wished to try my wisdom by temptation, and I have mended his by shewing him that temptation is always dangerous."

"What you admit, is truth," rejoined another Advocate—"though more modesty would have been graceful. But the bent of your thoughts must have been to meet the temptation."

The prisoner answered coldly, "It may be so; and as that accords with the President's metaphysics, let him thank me for the demonstration."

"Where," said the Intendant-general, "have you spent the last ten years?"

"Ask the President," retorted Felix Lamotte—"he knows the verdict he obtained made me a beggar, and a beggar who reasons metaphysically will soon be tempted to become an adventurer. I have been what this honourable court made me, and I love to reason like the President."

Mitand, M. Deshoulières' old servant, was called into the court, and ask-

ed if he had ever seen Lamotte. He was hardly recovered from the injuries he had received in the fire, but he took his oath, and answered in the affirmative distinctly. Being desired to say where, he said, "In a gardener's dress, at a house in the suburb of St. Madelaine, and on the night of the marriage."

The Accuser's Advocate now related all the circumstances of Mademoiselle Deshoulières' visit to a house without inhabitants, where she had been robbed of a valuable diamond. A pawnbroker appeared to testify that he had received from Felix Lamotte the ring identified as Therese's, and several witnesses proved the billet to be his hand-writing.

"You should also remember," added Lamotte, looking sternly at the pawnbroker, "what account I gave you of that ring. I told you I had found it among the shrubs under the wall of an empty hut adjoining Deshoulières' garden. My necessity forced me to sell it for bread. Had you been honest, and able to resist a tempting bargain, you would have carried it back to the owner."

"Notwithstanding this undaunted tone," said the Procureur, "the prisoner's motive and purpose are evident. Vengeance was the incitement—plunder was to have been the end. To unite both, he has fabricated letters, outraged an unprotected lady, and introduced devastation and death into the house of his benefactor, in hopes to seize some part of the rich paraphernalia prepared for his bride. He hated his benefactor, because undeserved favours are wounds; he injured him, because he could not endure to be forgiven and forgotten."

"I have no defence to make," resumed Lamotte, "for the faults of my youth have risen against me. You would not believe me if I should swear that I did not rob Therese, that I wrote no billets to decoy her, that I came into the vestibule of her father's house only to be a spectator of her bridal fête. I lodged in the hut of the gardener's widow, and unhappily complied when she solicited me to write petitions for the aid

of the Bishop of Beauvais and M. Deshoulières' daughter. This woman and her daughter removed suddenly, and I am the victim."

"Man," said M. Deshoulières, stretching out his arms with the rage of agony, "this is most false. The treacherous billet was written and brought by thy own hand, and here is another charging me to watch and witness my daughter's visit?"

"Well!" returned the prisoner coldly, "and what was my crime? If I thought the marriage ill-suited, and without love on the lady's part, was I to blame if I gave her an interview with her first lover? The Bishop of Beauvais can tell us whether such interviews are dangerous."

"Let him be silenced!" interposed the Intendant-general; "this scandal is sacrilege both to the living and the dead. If we had any doubt of his guilt, his malignity has subdued it."

The votes of the judges were collected without farther hearing, and their sentence was almost unanimous. Felix was pronounced guilty, and condemned to perpetual labour in the galleys: a decree which the President heard without regret, but his brother with secret horror when he remembered that Therese might not have spoken truth to her father—Yet he respected her memory fondly; and fear to wound it, more than his own honour, had induced him to give no public evidence. But he had satisfied his conscience by revealing all that concerned himself to the Intendant-general, who saw too much baseness in Lamotte's character, to consider it any extenuation of his guilt. Lamotte was led to the galleys, a victim to his revengeful spirit; and the President was invited by his sovereign to resume that seat in the Parliament of Dijon which he had vacated so nobly.

Fifteen years passed after this tragical event, and its traces had begun to fade. The father of Therese was dead, and his faithful servant lived in the gardener's house on an ample annuity given to him for his zeal in attempting to save her life. The President, weary of considering himself a widower, chose

another bride, and prevailed on his brother to emerge from his retirement and bless his marriage. Another fête was prepared almost equal to the last; but perhaps a kind of superstitious fear was felt by all who remembered the preceding. The Bishop retired to his chamber very early, and the bridal party were seated in whispering solemnity, when the door opened slowly, and a figure clothed in white walked into the centre. Its soundless steps, glazed eyes, and deadly paleness, suited a supernatural visitor; and when, approaching the bride, it drew the ring from her finger, her shriek was echoed by half the spectators. At that shriek the ghostly intruder started, dropped the ring, and would have fallen, if the President's arms had not opened to prevent it. He saw his brother's sleep had been so powerfully agitated as to cause this unconscious entry among his guests; and conducting him back to his chamber, waited till his faculties were collected. "Brother," said the Bishop, "it seems as if Providence rebuked my secrecy, and my vain attempt to believe that opportunity and temptation cannot prevail over long habits of good, and be dangerous to the firmest." Then, after a painful pause, he told the President his secret interview with Therese, his resolution to take back the ring, and the failure of his resolution. He explained how long and deeply this scene had dwelt on his imagination, how keenly it had heightened his interest in the trial of Lamotte; and finally, with how much force it had been revived by the second marriage-day of his brother. "And now," added the Bishop, "I may tell you that its hold on my dreaming fancy may have been lately strengthened by an event which I wished to suppress till after this day, lest it should damp the present by renewing your regret for the past. Only a few hours since, I was summoned once more to that fatal house in the suburb to see a dying sinner. I found old Mitand on his death-bed. He told me that he could no longer endure the horrible recollections which your wedding-day brought. He reminded me of his at-

tempt to reach Therese's room when full of flames. At that moment no thought but her preservation had entered his mind; but he found her on the brink of the burning staircase with her casket of jewels in her hand. Miserable Therese! she had thought too fondly of the baubles; and he, swayed by a sudden, an undistinguishing, and insane impulse, seized the casket, not the hand that held it, and she sank. In the same instant his better self returned—all his habits of fidelity to his master, of love to his young mistress—but they came too late. He had thrust his dreadful prize under his woollen wrapper—it remained there undiscovered, while shame, horror, and remorse, prevented him from confessing his guilt.

He buried it under the threshold of the garden house which his master gave him with a mistaken gratitude which heaped coals of fire on his head. There it has remained with the locks untouched fifteen years, and from thence he wishes you to remove it when you can resolve to speak peace to a penitent."

Mitand died before morning, and the President's first act was to place this awful evidence of human frailty on the records of the Parliament. Their decree against Felix Lamotte was not revoked, as its justice remained unquestionable in the chief points of his guilt; but the fatal influence of temptation over Mitand and the Bishop of Beauvais was a warning more tremendous than his punishment. V.

LIVING NOVELISTS.—MR. GODWIN.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. GODWIN is the most original—not only of living novelists—but of living writers in prose. There are, indeed, very few authors of any age who are so clearly entitled to the praise of having produced works, the first perusal of which is a signal event in man's internal history. His genius is by far the most extraordinary, which the great shaking of nations and of principles—the French revolution—impelled and directed in its progress. English literature, at the period of that marvellous change, had become sterile; the rich luxuriance which once overspread its surface, had gradually declined into thin and scattered productions of feeble growth and transient duration. The fearful convulsion which agitated the world of politics and of morals, tore up this shallow and exhausted surface—disclosed vast treasures which had been concealed for centuries—burst open the secret springs of imagination and of thought—and left, instead of the smooth and weary plain, a region of deep valleys and of shapeless hills, of new cataracts and of awful abysses, of spots blasted into everlasting barrenness, and regions of

deepest and richest soil. Our author partook in the first enthusiasm of the spirit-stirring season—in "its pleasant exercise of hope and joy"—in much of its speculative extravagance, but in none of its practical excesses. He was roused not into action but into thought; and the high and undying energies of his soul, unwasted on vain efforts for the actual regeneration of man, gathered strength in those pure fields of meditation to which they were limited. The power which might have ruled the disturbed nations with the wildest, directed only the creation of high theories and of marvellous tales, imparted to its works a stern reality, and a moveless grandeur which never could spring from mere fantasy. His works are not like those which a man, who is endued with a deep sense of beauty, or a rare faculty of observation, or a sportive wit, or a breathing eloquence, may fabricate as the "idle business" of his life, as the means of profit or of fame. They have more in them of acts than of writings. They are the living and immortal *deeds* of a man who must have been a great political adventurer, had

he not been an author. There is in "Caleb Williams" alone the material—the real burning energy—which might have animated a hundred schemes for the weal or woe of the species.

No writer of fictions has ever succeeded so strikingly as Mr. Godwin, with so little adventitious aid. His works are neither gay creatures of the element, nor pictures of external life—they derive not their charm from the delusions of fancy, or the familiarities of daily habitude—and are as destitute of the fascinations of light satire and felicitous delineation of society as they are of the magic of the Arabian Tales. His style has "no figures and no fantasies," but is simple and austere. Yet his novels have a power which so enthralls us, that we half doubt, when we read them in youth, whether all our experience is not a dream, and these the only realities. He lays bare to us the innate might and majesty of man. He takes the simplest and most ordinary emotions of our nature, and makes us feel the springs of delight or of agony which they contain, the stupendous force which lies hid within them, and the sublime mysteries with which they are connected. He exhibits the naked wrestle of the passions in a vast solitude, where no object of material beauty disturbs our attention from the august spectacle, and where the least beating of the heart is audible in the depth of the stillness. His works endow the abstractions of life with more of real presence, and make us more intensely conscious of existence, than any others with which we are acquainted. They give us a new feeling of the capacity of our nature for action or for suffering, make the currents of our blood mantle within us, and our bosoms heave with indistinct desires for the keenest excitements and the strangest perils. We feel as though we could live years in moments of energetic life, while we sympathize with his breathing characters. In things which before appeared indifferent, we discern sources of the fullest delight or of the most intense anguish. The healthful breathings of the common air

seem instinct with an unspeakable rapture. The most ordinary habits which link one season of life to another become the awakeners of thoughts and of remembrances "which do often lie too deep for tears." The nicest disturbances of the imagination make the inmost fibres of the being quiver with the most penetrating agonies. Passions which have not usually been thought worthy to agitate the soul, now first seem to have their own ardent beatings, and their swelling and tumultuous joys. We seem capable of a more vivid life than we have ever before felt or dreamed of, and scarcely wonder that he who could thus give us a new sense of our own vitality, should have imagined that mind might become omnipotent over matter, and that he was able, by an effort of the will, to become corporeally immortal!

The intensity of passion which is manifested in the novels of Godwin is of a very different kind from that which burns in the poems of a noble bard, whom he has been sometimes erroneously supposed to resemble. The former sets before us mightiest realities in clear vision; the latter embodies the phantoms of a feverish dream. The strength of Godwin is the pure energy of unsophisticated nature; that of Lord Byron is the fury of disease. The grandeur of the last is derived from its transitoriness; that of the first from its eternal essence. The emotion in the poet receives no inconsiderable part of its force from its rebound from the dark rocks and giant barriers which seem to confine its rage within narrow boundaries; the feeling in the novelist is in its own natural current deep and resistless. The persons of the bard feel intensely, because they soon shall feel no more; those of the novelist glow, and kindle, and agonize, because they shall never perish. In the works of both, guilt is often associated with sublime energy; but how dissimilar are the impressions which they leave on the spirit! Lord Byron strangely blends the moral degradation with the intellectual majesty; so that goodness appears tame, and crime only is honoured and

exalted. Godwin, on the other hand only teaches us bitterly to mourn the evil which has been cast on a noble nature, and to regard the energy of the character not as inseparably linked with vice, but as destined ultimately to subdue it. He makes us everywhere feel that crime is not the native heritage, but the accident, of the species of which we are members. He impresses us with the immortality of virtue; and while he leaves us painfully to regret the stains which the most gifted and energetic characters contract amidst the pollutions of time, he inspires us with hope that these shall pass away for ever. We drink in unshaken confidence in the good and the true, which is ever of more value than hatred or contempt for the evil!

"Caleb Williams," the earliest, is also the most popular of our author's romances, not because his latter works have been less rich in sentiment and passion, but because they are, for the most part, confined to the developement of single characters; while in this there is the opposition and death-grapple of two beings, each endowed with poignant sensibilities and quenchless energy. There is no work of fiction which more rivets the soul—no tragedy which exhibits a struggle more sublime, or sufferings more intense, than this; yet to produce the effect, no complicated machinery is employed, but the springs of action are few and simple. The motives are at once common and elevated, and as purely intellectual, without appearing for an instant inadequate to their mighty issues. Curiosity, for instance, which generally seems a low and ignoble motive for scrutinizing the secrets of a man's life, here seizes with strange fascination on a gentle and ingenuous spirit, and supplies it with excitement as fervid, and snatches of delight as precious and as fearful, as those feelings create which we are accustomed to regard as alone worthy to enrapture or to agitate. The involuntary recurrence by Williams to the string of frenzy in the soul of one whom he would die to serve—the workings of his tortures on the heart of Falkland till

they wring confidence from him—and the net thenceforth spread over the path of the youth like an invisible spell by his agonizing master, surprising as they are, arise from causes so natural and so adequate, that the imagination at once owns them as authentic. The mild beauty of Falkland's natural character, contrasted with the guilt he has incurred, and his severe purpose to lead a long life of agony and crime, that his fame may be preserved spotless, is affecting almost without example. There is rude grandeur even in the gigantic oppressor Tyrel, which all his disgusting enormities cannot destroy. Independently of the master-spring of interest, there are in this novel individual passages which can never be forgotten. Such are the fearful flight of Emily with her ravisher—the escape of Caleb Williams from prison, and his enthusiastic sensations on the recovery of his freedom, though wounded and almost dying without help—and the scenes of his peril among the robbers. Perhaps this work is the grandest ever constructed out of the simple elements of humanity, without any extrinsic aid from imagination, wit, or memory.

In "St. Leon," Mr. Godwin has sought the stores of the supernatural;—but the "metaphysical aid" which he has condescended to accept is not adapted to carry him farther from nature, but to ensure a more intimate and wide communion with its mysteries. His hero does not acquire the philosopher's stone and the elixir of immortality to furnish out for him a dainty solitude, where he may dwell soothed with the music of his own undying thoughts, and rejoicing in his severance from his frail and transitory fellows. Apart from those among whom he moves, his yearnings for sympathy become more intense as it eludes him, and his perceptions of the mortal lot of his species become more vivid and more fond, as he looks on it from an intellectual eminence which is alike unassailable to death and to joy. Even in this work, where the author has to conduct a perpetual miracle, his exceeding earnestness makes it difficult to believe him a

fabulist. Listen to his hero, as he expatiates in the first consciousness of his high prerogatives :

“ I surveyed my limbs, all the joints and articulations of my frame, with curiosity and astonishment. “ What ! ” exclaimed I, “ these limbs, this complicated but brittle frame shall last for ever ! No disease shall attack it ; no pain shall seize it ; death shall withhold from it for ever his abhorred grasp ! Perpetual vigour, perpetual activity, perpetual youth, shall take up their abode with me ! Time shall generate in me no decay, shall not add a wrinkle to my brow, or convert a hair of my head to grey ! This body was formed to die ; this edifice to crumble into dust ; the principles of corruption and mortality are mixed up in every atom of my frame. But for me the laws of nature are suspended, the eternal wheels of the universe roll backward ; I am destined to be triumphant over Fate and Time ! Months, years, cycles, centuries ! To me these are but as indivisible moments. I shall never become old ; I shall always be, as it were, in the porch and infancy of existence ; no lapse of years shall subtract any thing from my future duration. I was born under Louis the Twelfth ; the life of Francis the First now threatens a speedy termination ; he will be gathered to his fathers, and Henry his son will succeed him. But what are princes, and kings, and generations of men to me. I shall become familiar with the rise and fall of empires ; in a little while the very name of France, my country, will perish from off the face of the earth, and men will dispute about the situation of Paris, as they dispute about the site of ancient Nineveh, and Babylon, and Troy. Yet I shall still be young. I shall take my most distant posterity by the hand ; I shall accompany them in their career ; and, when they are worn out and exhausted, shall shut up the tomb over them, and set forward.”

This is a strange tale, but it tells like a true one ! When we first read it, it

seemed as though it had itself the power of alchemy to steal into our veins, and render us capable of resisting death and age. For a short—too short ! a space, all time seemed opened to our personal view—we felt no longer as of yesterday ; but the grandest parts of our knowledge of the past seemed mightiest recollections of a far-off childhood :

“ The wars we too remembered of King Nine,
And old Assaracus, and Ibycus divine.”

This was the happy extravagance of an hour ; but it is ever the peculiar power of Mr. Godwin to make us feel that there is something within us which cannot perish !

“ Fleetwood ” has less of our author’s characteristic energy than any other of his works. The earliest parts of it, indeed, where the formation of the hero’s character, in free roving amidst the wildest of nature’s scenery, is traced, have a deep beauty which reminds us of some of the holiest imaginations of Wordsworth. But when the author would follow him into the world—through the frolics of college, the dissipations of Paris, and the petty disquietudes of matrimonial life—we feel that he has condescended too far. He is no graceful trifter ; he cannot work in these frail and low materials. There is, however, one scene in this novel most wild and fearful. This is where Fleetwood, who has long brooded in anguish over the idea of his wife’s falsehood, keeps strange festival on his wedding-day—when, having procured a waxen image of her whom he believes perfidious, and dressed a frightful figure in a uniform to represent her imagined paramour, he locks himself in an apartment with these horrid counterfeits, a supper of cold meats and a barrel-organ, on which he plays the tunes often heard from the pair he believes guilty, till his silent agonies give place to delirium, he gazes around with glassy eyes, sees strange sights and dallies with frightful mockeries, and at last tears the dreadful spectacle to atoms, and is siezed with furious madness. We do not remember, even in the works of our old dramatists, any thing

of its kind comparable to this voluptuous fantasy of despair.

"Mandeville" has all the power of its author's earliest writings; but its main subject—the developement of an engrossing and maddening hatred—is not one which can excite human sympathy. There is however, a bright relief to the gloom of the picture, in the sweet and angelic disposition of Clifford, and the sparkling loveliness of Henrietta, who appears "full of life, and splendour and joy." All Mr. Godwin's chief female characters have a certain airiness and radiance—a light, a visionary grace, peculiar to them, which may at first surprise by their contrast to the robustness of his masculine creations. But it will perhaps be found that the more deeply man is conversant with the energies and the stern grandeur of his own heart, the more will he seek for opposite qualities in woman.

Of all Mr. Godwin's writings the choicest in point of style is a little essay "on Sepulchres." Here his philosophic thought, subdued and sweetened by the contemplation of mortality, is breathed forth in the gentlest tone. His "Political Justice," with all the extravagance of its first edition, or with all the inconsistencies of its last, is a noble work, replete with lofty principle and thought, and often leading to the most striking results by a process of the severest reasoning. Man, indeed, cannot and ought not to act universally on

its leading doctrine—that we should in all things seek only the greatest amount of good without favour or affection; but it is at least better than the low selfishness of the world. It breathes also a mild and cheerful faith in the progressive advances and the final perfection of the species. It was not this good hope for humanity which excited Mr. Malthus to affirm, that there is in the constitution of man's nature a perpetual barrier to any grand or extensive improvement in his earthly condition. After a long interval, Mr. Godwin has announced a reply to this popular system—a system which reduces man to an animal, governed by blind instinct, and destitute of reason, sentiment, imagination and hope, whose most mysterious instincts are matter of calculation to be estimated by rules of geometrical series!—Most earnestly do we desire to witness his success. To our minds, indeed, he sufficiently proves the falsehood of his adversary's doctrines by his own intellectual character. His works are, in themselves, evidences that there is power and energy in man which have never yet been fully brought into action, and which were not given to the species in vain. He has lived himself in the soft and mild light of those pure and unstained years, which he believes shall hereafter bless the world, when force and selfishness shall disappear, and love and joy shall be the unerring lights of the species.

T. D.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT.

BY WILLIAM TURNER, ESQ. 1820.*

MR. Turner having travelled over so much of interesting ground, and written a great deal (if not very strikingly) about it, we take up his third octavo for a concluding notice.

Much of the poetical admiration of the Romaika dance, is dispelled by the following real description of it, as witnessed at Melasso (where, by the by, there are some very fine ruins). The Proestos, in whose house Mr. Turner lodged, had his daughter married; and the author says—

"In the evening he invited me to the marriage, and being glad of such an opportunity of seeing their customs, I went at eight o'clock. I found two rooms full of men singing and drinking; the women were all retired together in another room, from which the men were excluded. After drinking for two hours the men, at half past eight, descended into the court-yard, where they were met by the women, and such as wished to dance formed a ring, in

* See Ath. Vol. 7, p. 554.

which I counted forty of them. The music played slow time, and they all danced round a blazing mangahl (pan of charcoal) which one man staid in the middle to replenish occasionally. Had the dance been of the sprightliest tune, they were so crowded that they could only move very slow: but, without any doubt, the romaïka is the stupidest dance ever invented. The dancers move slowly round, making alternately one step forward and another backward; the men sung as they moved round, but the women remained quite silent and looked excessively melancholy. A party of Greeks, all in their holiday array, and assembled in the air among beautiful and romantic scenery, must always have an interesting and picturesque appearance; and it is only on this account (and on considering the general passion for praising any thing foreign), that I can imagine how any traveller can have expressed any applause of so stupid a dance as the romaïka. On my observing the gloomy appearance of the women, a Greek near me told me that they would think it a shame to laugh or talk in the presence of men. Men and women were all dressed in their holiday clothes, in which I saw no difference from those of their countrymen in Constantinople and elsewhere, except that some of the women wore red gowns embroidered with gold, which finery they would not dare to show in the capital; and that all of them protruded from under these splendid robes, a foot without a stocking, though decorated with an embroidered shoe. I distinguished two pretty women among them, one thirteen and the other fourteen years old both married; indeed there were much younger wives. There were two children ten years old, one of whom had been married six months, and the other a year. Nay, there was one ten years old, who had been married two years; the father of this latter one would not give his consent, but her lover gave 100 piastres to the Aga, and by his assistance seized her by force."

Proceeding chiefly along the coast of Anatolia, the author's observations are more entertaining, and his remarks

on antiquities, theatres, &c. possess greater novelty; but we can only copy the annexed.

"It is curious to observe the gradual disuse of Greek among the Greeks, produced by the change of their residence. In Greece the Turks speak only Greek; in Constantinople the Greeks speak both Greek and Turkish, but only the former to each other; in Asia Minor, along the coast, they can speak Greek when addressed in it, but talk Turkish to each other, as they did here at Oolibat. And in the interior parts of Asia Minor they know no other language than Turkish."

The addenda must supply our remaining extracts: it is thus introduced.

"A traveller gathers some information, and meets with some incidents which he cannot weave into the narrative of his journal: I have therefore kept this chit-chat to place it at the end, having always written it down on the spot where it excited my attention, I shall begin with what I observed of the Turks, then detail what struck me of the Arabs, and finish with what I saw and heard of the Greeks."

From the Turkish anecdotes we select the following.

"If a baker sell light bread, for the first offence he is forgiven, or but slightly punished; for the second he is bastinadoed, and for the third beheaded; if the master be not found, his apprentice suffers."

"If a butcher sell bad meat, he is nailed by the ear to his own door-post from sun-rise to sunset: I remember seeing a Greek butcher nailed thus, and the fellow had the impudence to say to me—'You see me tormented as our Saviour was.'"

"The Turks lately punished a pirate by flaying him alive: they began at the head and when they came to the breast, the man died with the agony."

"A Turk was lately beheaded at Buyukdereh (by order of the Grand Vizier, who was walking about in disguise) for having sold, for twenty-four paras, a quantity of chesnuts, of which the price was fixed at twelve paras."

1812.

"The Turks wash a corpse before

they bury it, supposing that it is to appear before its Creator, and ought therefore to be quite clean. When it is in the grave, the Imaum (priest) addresses it and tells it which road it is to take to arrive in Paradise, and advises it to follow the suggestions of its good genius and reject those of its evil one."

The Turks acknowledge the existence of Christ as a prophet, and even detail some of the miracles he performed. They call us infidels because we have not the same faith in Mahomet, who, say they, is the prophet foretold by Moses in the 18th chapter of Deuteronomy (verse 15.) and the Comforter promised by Christ in the 16th chapter of St. John, 7th verse. The Greeks, on the contrary say that Mahomet is the prophet described in the 19th chapter of Revelation, 20th verse."

"At the Courban Bairam (which happens a month or six weeks after the Ramazan) they sacrifice rams and lambs every man one and the rich eighteen or twenty: these are afterwards eaten or given to the poor. F's pun was excellent, 'I suppose that is the reason they call it the *buy ram*.'"

"There is an amusing account in the Koran of Solomon's interview with the Queen of Sheba, which states that the King, being anxious to see her legs, covered the floor with grass placed over water in which were fish; this made her Majesty lift up her robe, to avoid wetting it, and the king thus discovered that her legs were covered with hair." —Sales' Koran, chap. 27.

"A few years ago an English sailor at Smyrna went into an open mosque at the time of prayer: seeing the Turks kneeling and bowing, he flung down his hat and knelt down too. After prayers they seized on him, and took him before the Cady as a convert to Mahometanism. As he could not be made to understand their questions, the dragoman of the English consul was sent for, through whom it was asked if it were his wish to become a Turk. 'No!' he said, 'he would see them — first.' 'Why then did you go into the mosque?' 'Why, I saw a

church-door open, and I thought any body might go into a church. I have not been into one for three years before, and — me if I ever go into one again, if I can't do so without turning Turk.' It was not without great difficulty that the Turks were dissuaded from putting a turban on him by force."

"They (the Turks) account thus for an earthquake: in the bowels of the earth is deposited, say they, a huge fish, and when the Deity is incensed by the crimes of mankind, he gives this fish a violent blow on the tail, which makes it jump about, and the force of its motion agitates the earth."

"The Turks allow that their Emperor may kill, every day, fourteen of his subjects with impunity and without impeachment of tyranny, because, say they, he does many things by divine impulse, the reason of which it is not permitted to them to know. I have been told that a pasha of three tails is authorized by law to cut off five heads a day, a pasha of two tails three, and a pasha of one tail one."

"A mollah (judge) of Jerusalem, being disturbed at night by dogs, ordered all those animals in Jerusalem and its environs to be killed, and thus excited a mutiny among the people, who are forbidden by the Koran to kill any beast unless it be hurtful, or necessary for the nourishment of man. Having, however, by the authority of the Multi, his father, succeeded in obtaining obedience to his orders, he was emboldened to issue another still more capricious. The flies being very troublesome to him during the heat of the summer, he ordered that every artizan should bring him every day forty of these insects on a string under a pain of a severe fine, and he caused this ridiculous sentence to be severely enforced."

"When a Grand Vizier is favourably deposed (*i. e.* without banishing him or putting him to death) it is signified to him by a *chiaoux* from the Sultan, who goes to his table and wipes the ink out of his golden pen; this he understands as the sign of his dismissal: if his fate be more severe, he receives an order from the Sultan to await his

sentence in a small kiosk (summer house) just outside of the walls of the Seraglio, where he sits sometimes four or six hours, before the messenger comes to tell him whether he is to be banished or put to death."

"Hussien, Captain Pasha (the famous one who fought at Chesmé) when in the bay of Smyrna once, with his fleet, seeing one of his ships run foul of another, ordered the captain on board and beheaded him immediately."

"The same Hussein had a Jew physician called in one day to relieve him from an aching tooth; the clumsy fellow unfortunately drew the wrong one, but as the agony of extraction drowned the pain for a time, he got away undetected; the pain soon returned, and a few days after Hussein meeting the man on the Bosphorus, stopped him and had every tooth in his head drawn."

"The best Otto (Uttar) of roses in Turkey is made at Casandjik, a small village about a day's journey from Adrianople, where there are large fields of roses for seven or eight miles of country. The proof of its goodness is its easily freezing, being biting to the tongue, and, if put on paper, and dried by the fire, leaving no stain."

From the remaining recollections we take these respecting the Greeks.

"Greeks may marry a third wife, but not a fourth; by our old travellers, it appears that 150 years ago they could only go as far as a second; in 100 years more, perhaps a fourth will be allowed."

"Every Papas (priest) is buried, sitting up in a chair, but this custom has nothing to do with his wife's promising not to marry again, as Aaron Hill writes.

"The Greeks always expect that the weather, whatever it may be, will change on a Friday."

"A Greek, in Melasso, told me that there are miraculous powers in the medals of Constantine the Great, and that if one of them were put on a sieve, it would prevent water running through; he swore to me *μα τὴν πίστιν* (by his faith) that he had seen this effect produced by them."

"I heard some Greeks in the coffee-house at Yeronta (Miletus), give, as a

reason for Englishmen travelling, that they knew by books where treasures were hid, and that, on finding them, they change, by magic, the pieces of money into flies, and make them fly to their houses in England; on arriving at which they again become pieces of money. These fellows tried hard to to make me believe in the holy fire at Jerusalem, and told me of many miracles lately performed by the Greek priests of their neighbourhood: they were very confident of being soon liberated from the Turks, and said that this would be accomplished by themselves in three years at most, without the help of the Russians, or any other European power. They said, that all the knowledge of the Europeans was derived from Greeks of Constantinople (under the Lower Empire) who were very learned men, who had shut up all the diseases that afflict human nature in a column at Constantinople, so successfully that mankind would never have been afflicted by them again, had not a Jew broken the column. This last is, probably, some fable founded on the brazen pillar in the Hippodrome."

"A Greek woman thinks it unlucky to begin cutting out a gown or making any article of dress on a Tuesday or a Saturday."

"The Greeks think sneezing a good omen; it is a sign their friend or lover remembers them: they will give the name of a friend, or a lover, to each of their fingers of one hand, and suddenly taking hold of one when they sneeze, think themselves remembered by the person whom the finger they have hold of represents."

"The Greek women will put apple pips into the fire or candle; if they jump, it is a sign their friend or lover remembers them; the contrary if they lie quiet."

This superstition resembles that of putting peas in the fire in England on Midsummer-eve, and nuts in Scotland on "Halloween."

The author concludes his work with some strangely inappropriate poetry. The sentiments are well enough, but it is an odd sort of thing altogether to

place such a matter at the end of a book of travels; and though we felt a peculiar interest in the fate of one of the relatives, whose loss he deplores (at least we presume so from the identity of name); we must say, that his verse is sadly out of keeping here.

To conclude with a paragraph of useful information. The Greek Islands belonging to the Porte, and their computed population, are 19 in number, with a total of 112,400 souls. viz. Naxos 15,000, Paros 7000, Tino 20,000, Micone 7000, Sira 4000, Zia 5000, Thermia 4000, Argentiera 700,

Milo 1500, Amorgo 1500, Polycandro 2000, Santorino 13,000, Nanfio 1500, Astampalia 2000, Nio 3000, Antiparos 200, Andros 15,000, Serpho 3000, Siphanto 7000. The tribute amounts in all to 280,000 Turkish piastres. There are besides Islands of the Archipelago, belonging (as recorded at the Porte) to the Captain Pasha, to the government, to the Steward of the Household, and to the Mufti; a long enumeration, including Cyprus, Candia, Rhodes, Mytlen, Cos, Tenedos, Scio, &c. &c.; only 31, however, pay tribute to the Captain Pasha.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY. No. II.*

DEAR JOHN,

I IMPROVE every day in my knowledge of the Scots, and every day they improve in my esteem; which I attribute to the enlargement of my views, and my liberality. The student has taken me all over Edinburgh, and shown me a good deal of high life, and low life; of both of which you will easily conceive that there is plenty, when I tell you that I breakfasted with a learned doctor, in the first floor from heaven, that is to say, in the seventh story from the ground floor; (high notions you'll allow) and that I danced reels, and supped seven stories below the doctor. Such a breakfast, John! tea and coffee, eggs, ham, boiled fish, honey, marmalade, cold moor-fowl, dried fruit, besides a hundred kinds of bread. I think a fellow must be difficult indeed, if he is not pleased with such a fare, tacked on to a hearty welcome.

The doctor is a young beginner, but no doubt he will soon get into practice, for he is very intimate with the fashionable undertaker here, who can introduce him, and then there may be a mutuality of service. Deadly bad, I hear you cry! But I assure you that all is fashion here, from the doctor and the doer, down to the coachmaker and to him whose vehicle is "the carriage after all."

Now lest you should suppose that the doctor and the doer are synonymous terms, I beg leave to tell you that the former is the physician and the second the lawyer; both, as well as the undertaker belonging to *grave* professions. Well, in spite of that, the Scotch have fine constitutions, and their lawyers are the honestest I ever met with. One of them recovered a debt for me, free, gratis, for nothing, only because he met me at a twenty-seventh High-land cousin's, whereas my attorney in London dined with me once, and then charged me for his dinner, and almost every word of our conversation.

At the ball below stairs, I expected to be quite the go, but I found that I fell short in my performance there, as well as in the scientific conversation, for every body reads, and every body dances, and learning is so cheap in the Scotch metropolis, that it is no wonder they call it the modern Athens: you may be served out at any price. By-the-by, talking of Athens, I never met with a Greek in Scotland: that's another good thing. But to return to dancing, the Scotch women dance with all their souls: such activity! such steps! such good timists! 'Tis admirable indeed! *Entre nous*, I have got a dancing master to give me private lessons, and you may take your oath that I shall

* See Ath. Vol. 7, p. 520.

be quite the *kick* at the Crown and Anchor. A very peculiar thing here is a practising, and a dancing master's ball; the former in the morning, the latter (of course) at night. There you may see as good dancing, for a mere trifle, as you can upon a London stage. They have what they call a *high dance*, which is inimitable. You see they are fond of high things, high dances, high living, high stories, and (I assure you) high courage.

But what particularly interested me, is the Scotch dames excel so much. You may see aged grandmothers, and elderly mammas, with half a dozen, or a dozen of their children on the floor at once. The look of love, of interest, of anxiety, of approbation, and even the tremulous wish that they should excel, do honor to the women of the country, and prove how much heart there is even in this little example. You may, (whiles, as the Scotch say) detect a look of intelligence between man and wife, kindling into the kindest expression, nay, a tincture of reflectiveness, as much as to say, "such were we, on these very boards, a few fleeting years back."

Apropos, the women call their husbands "my man," which you southern blades laugh at; but let me tell you, that there is something very fond in the term; very appropriate, very possessive; and I know some husbands amongst us who do not merit it, in any sense of the word. Happy the husband who is a good *mon*! 'Tis a noble title!—From the practising let me direct your attention to the theatre. It is very fair; but not much attended. I expected to find the mob all quietness; but the gods, as we call them, can kick up a dust even there.

As to the learned professions, why they'll knock you off a gross of Doctors in a morning! I went to see the ceremony, and we had 'em of all nations and colours. They've a *grinding* machine that hits 'em off to perfection! Mercy upon the poor patients! There was such a lot of 'em, that my Irish conductor, cried out "Oh! murder," as he saw them go up for examination. They have very learned lectures, too, upon

law, physic, divinity, chemistry, and I don't know what besides. What is most extraordinary is, that there is virtue in the *chair* of a professor, so that he who succeeds to it is sure to be a learned man. This virtue, too, goes by inheritance, like a name or an entailed estate, so that some of them descend regularly from father to son. How clever that must be! By the way, it runs in my head, that there is something in an old doctorial hat, which they put upon the candidate at graduation, and you'll allow that if they can thus put an old head on young shoulders, it is a wonderful effort of genius.

The Scotch students sag like dray horses, at their studies, but the rest of the pie-balled party of Irish, West Indians, foreigners, yankees, &c. are the greatest bloods in town; so that one would think they must have the merit of inspiration, if they out-do the others, which, nevertheless, is sometimes the case. My student, however, informs me that fashion goes a great way in medicine! so that it is only necessary to put a good face on the business, in order to succeed. I almost wish that I had been brought up to physic, instead of the counting-house, for I know that I have an accommodating manner, which the M. D's consider as the placebo, and which I am told is half the battle.

My landlady is an excellent woman. She introduced me to a writer who "lives on and off with her," that is to say (for I am sure the term will puzzle you) they inhabit the same floor, which they call a land; and he kindly took me to a half uncle's in the country; one of the best fellows I ever met with. Mr. Muckleweim, the lawyer, promised to shew me his policy and his park; but to my great disappointment, the policy was nothing but a very small plantation, and the park was about two acres of grass-land without a tree in it. Well, but the inside of the house was well furnished, and he had as good a library and a cellar as any lord. I just looked over the one, and I dipped a little more into the other, by which means I got what they call *fou*.

After supper we had an exquisite

thing which they call *plotty*, that is to say, a little plot against the brain, and it succeeded with me perfectly. I was something mortified at one thing. The next morning, I dressed myself in a complete highland dress, belonging to a young officer, on a visit at Gowanbank: and I expected to have attracted the eye of my landlord's neice, a very pretty girl; but she did nothing but laugh at me, whilst a foreigner present cried, "*Il n'est pas montagnard qui veut*"—

he is not a mountaineer who wishes to be one.

Recovered from my vexation, I was overwhelmed with hospitable attention, and I have set down Gowanbank in my memorandum book, as one of the places to which my memory will pay a tribute of gratitude, whenever I think of it.—But the post hour approaches fast, and must conclude. Therefore farewell, and believe me still,

Your faithful friend, PETER PRIG.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.

BY CHARLES MILLS.*

THE Crusades are among the most memorable events recorded in history. They originated in the ferocity, ignorance, and intolerance of the European nations; were encouraged by papal avarice and ambition; and gradually ceased to consume the blood and treasure of Christendom, as the dawn of true religion brightened into day, dispersing the gloomy shadows of Romish superstition. The improved information of the present age enables us to look back on the atrocities committed by our ancestors in the name of Heaven, with a mingled sentiment of pity, contempt, and horror. Yet some among the moderns, either affecting singularity, or infatuated with a timid veneration for the supposed wisdom of antiquity, have attempted to justify these horrid ebullitions of fanaticism, and to discover important advantages derived from them by the Christian world. Dr. Johnson says, "If it be a part of the religion of the Mahometans, to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success." This doctrine is both unjustifiable in itself, and inappli-

cable to the Crusades. None of them were undertaken from the apprehension that the Mahometans would extirpate the Christian religion by the sword: the object was only to wrest Jerusalem and the neighbouring country out of the possession of the Mahometans, on account of an imaginary sanctity, which the gross and earthly religion of the age attributed to the scenes of our Saviour's miracles and passion—a notion closely allied to idolatry.

Until the publication of the late interesting work of Mr. Charles Mills, no English author, with the exception of the quaint but prejudiced and inaccurate Fuller, has attempted a complete historical narrative of what were called the Holy Wars. Gibbon has, indeed, ably sketched some of their events, but he was limited by his subject to such circumstances as immediately interested the Greek empire. Mr. Mills's work comprehends the whole subject; it evinces much strength of judgment, and assiduous research. We regret, however, that he has so closely imitated the style of Gibbon; who, constantly sacrificing perspicuity to ornament and affected sententiousness, is often intelligible only to those who possess a previous knowledge of the events which he relates.

Mr. Mills's book commences with an account of the political state of Je-

* History of the Crusades for the Recovery and Possession of the Holy Land. London. 1820.

Jerusalem at the time of the assumption of the cross by the nations of Europe. That city after the destruction of the second temple, had long continued subject to the Romans, both before and after their conversion to Christianity; but in the ninth century fell into the power of the followers of Mahomet; and in 1094 the caliph of Egypt governed not only Jerusalem, but nearly the whole country of Palestine. Pilgrimages were at this time the prevailing mania of Christendom; and those to the Holy Land, as the most distant, laborious, and difficult, and on account of the pre-eminent sanctity of the place, were considered the most efficacious in averting the anger, and propitiating the favour of Heaven. The pilgrims were by no means strict in their moral conduct, either during their journey, or stay at Jerusalem; and that sacred city was polluted by the most atrocious depravity. Its clergy maintained a profitable trade in the sale of relics, particularly fragments of the true cross, which, although daily sold in immense quantities, were always miraculously renewed for the benefit of believers. When the world became well stocked with relics, a new invention maintained the sanctity of the holy city. The Latin clergy of Palestine pretended, that, on the vigil of Easter, after the great lamps in the church of the Resurrection had been extinguished, they were relighted by God himself. But the pilgrims, while they sought eternal advantages, were not unmindful of temporal gain: the characters of a holy traveller, and a worldly merchant, were often united in the same person. Pilgrimages were much promoted by the general opinion of the tenth century, that the reign of Antichrist was at hand.

The degree of misery endured by the Latin pilgrims and residents in the Holy Land, depended on the caprice of their Moslem governors. A heavy tribute was regularly imposed on them, but under the Fatimite caliphs they suffered greater oppressions.

The chivalric character of the times could ill brook these insults and inju-

ries; and the ardent longing for revenge was kindled by Peter the Hermit into a devouring flame.

This man was mean in person, weak in judgment, but sanguine, enthusiastic, and fanatical. He had been a soldier, a priest, and an anchorite; had visited Jerusalem and witnessed the miseries of the Christians; and, furnished with credentials from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, applied to Pope Urban II. for authority to preach a crusade.

"Urban was religious, in the sense in which his age understood religion, and he therefore lamented the direful state of Jerusalem; he was humane, and his tears flowed for the insulted and distressed pilgrims. But his religious sympathy and lofty desires were not unmingled with selfish feelings, for it appears from the authority of an excellent witness,[†] that the Pope conferred upon the subject of Peter's message with Bohemond, prince of Tarentum; and that it was by the advice of this Norman freebooter that he resolved to direct the martial energies of Europe to foreign ends. It was thought, that if his holiness could kindle the flames of war, auxiliaries might be easily engaged, by whose means he would be able to fix himself in the Vatican, and Bohemond could recover those Grecian territories which for a while had been in the possession of the Normans."

Peter the Hermit traversed Italy and France, preaching the deliverance of the sepulchre, clad in a coarse woollen shirt and a hermit's mantle, living abstemiously, and distributing among the poor the offerings profusely made to himself. His exhortations were every where heard with rapture. The Greek emperor renewed his solicitations of assistance. Upon the papal summons, an immense concourse of laymen and ecclesiastics flocked to Clermont, the capital of Lower Auvergne, in November 1095. The Pope, in person, exhorted his audience to "rid God's sanctuary of the wicked, to expel the robbers, and bring in the pious." He assured them of their superiority to the Turks in battle, and

[†] William of Malmesbury.

promised the celestial rewards of martyrdom to those who should fall in the contest. Cries of "*Deus vult !—Deus lo vult !—Dieu el volt !*" interrupted the pontiff. "Let these words," said he, "be your cry of war." He then distributed crosses among them, to be affixed to the shoulder as badges of their pious undertaking. The Western nations now turned from intestine discord to foreign war ; from dull superstition to furious zeal. Visions, dreams, and prodigies, were called in to heighten the enthusiasm ; and persons of every age, rank, and degree, including women, monks, and anchorites, assumed the cross.

"A stamp of virtue was fixed upon every one who embraced the cause, and many were urged to the semblance of religion by shame, reproach, and fashion. The numerous cases of hypocrisy attested the commanding influence of the general religious principle. They who had been visited by criminal justice, were permitted to expiate, in the service of God, their sins against the world. The pretence of debtors was admitted that the calls of heaven were of greater obligation than any claims of man. Murderers, adulterers, robbers, and pirates, quitted their iniquitous pursuits, and declared that they would *wash away their sins in the blood of the infidels*. In short thousands and millions of armed saints and sinners ranged themselves to fight the battles of the Lord. All nations were enveloped in the whirlwind of superstition. It was people, and not merely armies, countries, and not only their military representatives, that thought they had received the divine command to unsheath the sword of the Almighty, and redeem the sepulchre of Christ."

The first body of the champions of the cross, consisting of twenty thousand foot and only eight horsemen, led by Walter the Pennyless, a poor Burgundian gentleman, marched from France to the confines of Hungary. Ignorant of the geography of the countries they were to pass through, they were almost entirely at the mercy of the natives. The Hungarians allowed them to pro-

ceed, with some partial molestation ; but the Bulgarians refused to supply them with provisions, and being consequently attacked, destroyed nearly the whole of this crazy multitude. Walter, however, with a few survivors reached Constantinople. A second division consisting of forty thousand men, women, and children, of various nations, followed the route of the former, under the direction of Peter himself. These revenged most ferociously the injuries which their precursors had experienced from the Hungarians, and sustained several conflicts with the people of Bulgaria. In these battles the Hermit lost about ten thousand of his people, and arrived with the rest at Constantinople, where they united with the remnant of Walter's division, and with an undisciplined herd of Italians. The Grecian emperor Alexius, seeing their unfitness for war, commanded them to remain in Greece till the arrival of the regular armies, and supplied them with quarters, money, and provisions ; but as soon as they recovered their strength, they repaid his generosity by the most flagitious excesses, plundering houses, palaces, and churches, and committing the most enormous crimes. Disregarding the authority of their leader, they commenced hostilities in Bithynia without waiting for the arrival of the European armies, and were speedily destroyed by the Turks. Of their bones the conquerors erected a lofty hill on the plains of Nice, which long remained a dreadful warning to succeeding bands of crusaders. About three thousand only of these wretches escaped with Peter back to Constantinople.

Godeschal, a priest, conducted another fanatical band of fifteen thousand enthusiasts from Lorraine, the east of France, and Bavaria. These committed horrible outrages in Hungary, and being disarmed by a stratagem were cut to pieces on the plains of Belgrade.

A fourth herd of wild and desperate savages now issued from England, France, Flanders, and Lorrain. They are charged with the horrible superstition of adoring a goat and a goose

which they believed to be filled with the divine spirit. After murdering the Jews of Cologne, Mayence, and Treves, this infernal multitude, to the number of two hundred thousand, entered Hungary. Their passage was opposed, and after several conflicts they were routed near Mersbourg. The Hungarians pursued them with such slaughter, that the waters of the Danube were for days red with their blood. But few of the rabble survived.

Thus perished about 275,000, of the first Crusaders, while the feudal princes were collecting their tenants and retainers, and arraying them for war. Among these chiefs, the first in personal merit was Godfrey VI., Lord of Bouillon, a brave, devout, and accomplished prince.

The forces of Godfrey proceeded without impediment into Thrace, and reposed at Philippopoli. Hugh, the great earl, Count of Vermandois, and brother of the French king, led the armed pilgrims of Flanders, England, and the middle and north of France.

But the politics of Constantinople had changed during the preparations of the Crusaders; the Turkish power was diminished; the Greeks no longer dreaded the immediate fall of their empire, but entertained great apprehensions of their Western allies: and the Count of Vermandois having announced his approach in an arrogant letter to the Emperor Alexius, the latter seized that occasion of offence, ordered a blockade of the Italian ports, and actually made the count a prisoner on his landing at Durazzo. Godfrey in vain demanded satisfaction; he therefore ravaged the province of Thrace, which hostile step produced the liberation of the count. Alexius next endeavoured to secure the person of Godfrey, and to starve the Latin armies by prohibiting his subjects from trafficking with them; but these measures only produced additional devastations of his territories. At length he resorted to arms, and his troops suddenly attacked the camp, but were repulsed after great loss on both sides. The Latins retaliated most dreadfully on their insidious

enemies, and compelled the treacherous Alexius to sue for peace. The Count of Vermandois, who during his captivity had become the friend and liegeman of Alexius, was sent to negotiate on his part, and not only obtained peace, but induced all the other leaders to follow his example in taking the oath of fidelity to the Greek emperor, whose assistance, he convinced them, was indispensably necessary to their success.

The Crusaders who next arrived were commanded by Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, and his relation Tancred. The ferocious valour of the former was combined with craft and rapacity. Tancred, on the contrary, was equally brave, generous, and modest. Bohemond was induced by magnificent gifts to become the feudatory of the emperor, but Tancred steadily refused to form a similar engagement.—The next array of mighty men at arms that joined the assembled troops, was commanded by Raymond, Duke of Narbonne. Their march was disastrous: they were harassed by the peasantry and by the Greek soldiers, although the emperor, and his governors affected friendship towards them.

At length tranquillity was restored, and all the Crusading armies united their forces.

“The holy legions overspread the plains of Nice, and, if early writers can be credited, seven hundred thousand was the number of soldiers and of pilgrims. It is impossible to describe with perfect precision the nature of the military array: but we can discern that there were one hundred thousand horsemen clad in mail. Agreeably to the customs of chivalry, such of these warriors as were knights, were attended by their squires, who carried their lances, their golden and ornamented shields, and led the fiery steeds on which the cavaliers rode during the battle. Nor was the equipment complete, unless each equestrian soldier was accompanied and supported by some men at arms, and infantry, who bore the standard, and were accounted lighter than their chief. The offensive weapons of the

cavalry were iron maces, lances, and swords. The bow was the principal weapon of the foot soldiers, who, agreeably to the tactics of the day, formed the first line of the army, and discharged flights of shafts and quarrels until the heavily armed troops engaged."

The siege of Nice, the capital of Rhoum, was the first exploit of the Crusaders. This city was defended by double walls of immense height and solidity, and by more than three hundred and fifty towers, and its numerous forces were assisted by Kilidge Arslan, Sultan of Rhoum, who with a powerful army descended from the neighbouring mountains, and attacked the Christians while engaged in the siege. But the persevering valour of the Crusaders proved triumphant, and they were on the point of entering the city sword in hand, when the emperor, by a secret negotiation, admitted the Turks to a capitulation, and the besiegers were astonished and disappointed at seeing the banners of Alexius hung over the walls of the city, which they were only suffered to view as visitors, instead of possessing as conquerors.

But the sultan, Kilidge Arslan, was not dispirited. He collected an army of upwards of two hundred thousand men, and watching the march of the Latins attacked the division of Bohemond when separated from the rest of the army.

"The Christians were reposing on the banks of a river in the valley of Gorgon, when the alarming rumour reached them of the rapid approach of the foe. Bohemond gave his camp to the charge of the infantry, and, with his cavalry, prepared himself for the impetuous shock of the Moslem savages. The sultan left about one half of his army in the mountains; with the other he descended into the plain; and his soldiers made the air ring with such shouts and yells, that the enemy, unused to clamour, were filled with astonishment and alarm. The heroes of Asia discharged their feathered artillery before the Christians could fight with their swords and lances. Few of the Turkish arrows fell without effect; for

though the coat of mail defended the men, the horses were completely exposed. A brother of Tancred, and Robert of Paris, severally attempted to charge the Turks, and to press them to close combat. But they constantly evaded the onset, and their pointed weapons checked their furious foe. Both the gallant Italian and the haughty Frenchman were slain; and the remains of their forces were compelled to retreat. Tancred himself fought as a soldier rather than as a general; but the prudent Bohemond drew him from increasing dangers. The Turks pursued their success, and pressed forwards to the camp of the Crusaders, where, laying aside their bows, they used their swords with equal execution. Mothers and their children were killed; and neither priests nor old men were spared. The cries of the dying reached the ears of Bohemond, who, leaving the command to Robert of Normandy, rushed towards the tents, and scattered the enemy. The Christians, weary, thirsty, and oppressed with labour and heat, would have sunk into despair, if the women of the camp had not revived their courage, and brought them water from the stream. The combat was renewed with tenfold vigour. The Norman chieftain fought with all the valour which ennobled his family. He rallied the alarmed troops by his vociferations of those words of courage *Deus id vult*, and with his standard in his hand, he darted into the midst of the Moslems. When he was joined by Bohemond, all the Christians returned to their duty; despair gave birth to fierceness, and death was preferred to flight. But their fate was averted by the consequences of the early prudence of Bohemond. Immediately on the appearance of the Turks he had sent messengers to Godfrey and the other leaders, who, at the head of forty thousand soldiers, hastened to assist their brethren. The Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Verman-
dois were the first that reached the field of battle; and Adhemar and Raymond soon increased the force. The Turks were panic-struck at this unexpected event. In the breasts of the

holy warriors revenge and emulation inflamed the ardour of conquest ; and the holy flame burnt with double violence, when, by the exhortations of the clergy, their minds were recalled to the nature of the cause for which they were in arms. Amidst the animating shouts of prayers and benedictions, the standard of the cross was unfurled, and every soldier swore to tell his devotion with revengeful deeds on the helmets of his foes. The heavy charge of the Latins was irresistible. The quivers of the Turks were exhausted ; and in close combat the long and pointed swords of the Franks were more deadly than the Turkish sabres. The Moslems fled on every side, and abandoned their camp in the mountains to the enemy. The Christians pursued them for three miles, and then, as devout as joyful, returned to their old positions, singing hymns to God. Four thousand of the lower orders of the Franks, and three thousand commanders of the Turks, fell in this first great action between holy and infidel warriors. The Turkish spoils amply repaid the fatigues of the day."

The advance of the army through the Phrygian mountains and deserts, towards Jerusalem, was attended with the unforeseen afflictions of famine, thirst, and disease. The Turks preceded the wretched Crusaders, destroying the provisions on their route : multitudes of the Christians perished in this march. The city of Tarsus was taken by Tancred, but Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey, arriving with a more numerous division, demanded its surrender to him. The refusal of Tancred led to a battle between the forces of these rival chiefs. Baldwin, enraged at these circumstances, quitted the army, and ravaged Mesopotamia. The inhabitants of the Greek city of Edessa compelled their impotent duke, Thoros, to solicit the aid of Baldwin in releasing them from the oppression of the Turks. He undertook their defence, and was adopted by the duke, who soon afterwards perished in a popular commotion, when Baldwin was crowned in his stead.

In the meantime the main army ad-

vanced to Antioch, after defeating the forces opposed to them by Baghasian, the governor of that city, and taking the fortified town of Artesia. They forced the passage of the Orontes ; and, on the 21st of Nov. 1097, invested Antioch.

The siege was tedious and disastrous. Famine soon depopulated the Christian camp. Horses, and even carrion, were generally eaten, and many devoured the flesh of the slain. Pestilence also afflicted the army. Desertion became frequent. The Greek general, Taticius, with his forces, quitted the siege ; and even Peter the Hermit attempted to escape from the misery in which he had involved so many thousands. The caliph of Egypt sent an embassy, proposing to guarantee the safety of unarmed pilgrims to Jerusalem, if the Crusaders would renounce their project. The proposal was haughtily refused. Succours from Pisa and Genoa arrived in the sixth month of the siege, which was now vigorously pressed. At length a traitor admitted the Christian army into the city by night, and the victors massacred nearly all the Mahometan inhabitants.

The Emperor of Persia now sent a numerous host against the Crusaders, under the command of his minister Kerboga, Emir of Mosul. This army was joined by the forces of Kilidge Arslan, and their united numbers exceeded two hundred thousand. After wasting some time in fruitless attacks upon Baldwin at Edessa, these infidel allies blockaded the Latins in Antioch. A famine, more dreadful than the former, thinned the Christian ranks. Deserters fled to Alexandretta, and their frightful accounts induced the Count of Blois to commence his retreat to Europe. The emperor Alexius was advancing with his army, consisting partly of fresh bands from Europe, to the aid of the Crusaders, but the reports of the fugitives induced him also basely to abandon the cause, with all those who followed him. The intelligence of these treacherous and cowardly proceedings threw the Crusaders into a state of despair, from which they were only relieved by some

sanctified frauds. Several priests swore to supernatural apparitions promising triumph to the Christians. But the chief artifice was that of Raymond of Tholouse, who was, by the kindness of St. Andrew, entrusted with the identical lance which had pierced the side of Christ. Fanaticism now inspired every heart with courage and hope. But the leaders were yet willing to get rid of the Persians, if possible, without exerting the virtues of the lance. For this purpose Peter the Hermit was sent to the Persian commander, and arrogantly required that his forces should be withdrawn and become Christians. The astonishment of the Persian soon gave way to rage, and the ambassador was glad to effect a speedy retreat.

The Crusaders now prepared for battle, and after many hymns and processions formed in array upon the plain before Antioch, preceded by their priests bearing crucifixes. Every endeavour was used to preserve the enthusiasm of the warriors. The Bishop of Puy, clad in armour, and bearing the sacred lance, exhorted them to fight bravely, and promised them the assistance of legions of saints. The conflict began, but the valour and fanaticism of the Christians were nearly overpowered, when a new miracle revived their failing hopes, and inspired them with fresh ardour. Some figures in white armour riding on white horses appeared on the neighbouring hills, and were recognised as the martyrs St. George, St. Maurice, and St. Theodore. The energy infused into the superstitious army by this trick bore down all opposition; the enemy were totally routed, and those who escaped the sword fled, abandoning the camp to spoliation and the women and children to merciless slaughter.

After this success, the Count of Vermandois, and Baldwin, Count of Hainault, were despatched to Constantinople to remonstrate with the Emperor. Baldwin fell into Turkish snares by the way, and the arguments and menaces of Hugh were derided by Alexius. The ambassador shrunk from the dangers of repassing Asia Minor, and departed for France. In the mean time discord, pestilence, and famine continued to di-

minish the numbers of the champions of the cross. At the siege of Marra they broke open the tombs of the Muselmans; ripped up the bellies of the dead in search of gold, and then dressed and eat the fragments of flesh. Raymond was accused of receiving bribes from the Turks, and of imposture in the affair of the holy lance. Peter Barthelemy, the priest in whose pretended visions the discovery originated, attempted to prove the identity of the sacred weapon by the fiery ordeal, but was unluckily consumed. In revenge for the base conduct of Alexius, Bohemond was elected Prince of Antioch, to the great mortification of the emperor.

The army resumed its march for Jerusalem, chastised the resistance of Tripoli by a heavy imposition, took the wealthy city of Ramula deserted by the Saracens, and at length arrived at the town of Emmaus or Nicopolis.

"The holy city was then in view; every heart glowed with rapture; every eye was bathed in tears. The word Jerusalem was repeated in tumultuous wonder by a thousand tongues; and those who first beheld the blessed spot, called their friends to witness the glorious sight. All past pains were forgotten; a moment's happiness outweighed years of sorrow. In their warm imaginations the sepulchre was redeemed, and the cross triumphed over the crescent. But with that rapidity of thought which distinguishes minds when strongly agitated by passion, the joy of the stranger, and the fierceness of the warrior, were changed in a moment for religious ideas and feelings. Jerusalem was the scene of the resurrection of Christ; and, therefore, the subject of holy rejoicing; but it was the place of his sufferings also; and true devotion, full of self-abasement and gratitude, is as strongly affected by the causes and circumstances as the consequences of the Great Sacrifice. The soldier became in an instant the simple pilgrim; his lance and sword were thrown aside; he wept over the ground which, he said, his Saviour had wept over; and it was only with naked feet that he could worthily approach the seat of man's redemption.

"Of the millions of fanatics who had

vowed to rescue the sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, forty thousand only encamped before Jerusalem: and of these remains of the champions of the cross, twenty-one thousand five hundred were soldiers,—twenty thousand foot and fifteen hundred calvary. The destruction of more than eight hundred and fifty thousand Europeans had purchased the possession of Nice, Antioch, and Edessa.

“Jerusalem was invested on the 7th of June 1099, and stormed on the 15th of July. The Muselmans fought for a while, then fled to their temples, and submitted their necks to slaughter. Such was the carnage in the Mosque of Omar, that the mutilated carcasses were hurried by the torrents of blood into the court; dissevered arms and hands floated into the current that carried them into contact with bodies to which they had not belonged. Ten thousand people were murdered in this sanctuary. It was not only the lacerated and headless trunks which shocked the sight, but the figures of the victors themselves reeking with the blood of their slaughtered enemies. No place of refuge remained to the vanquished, so indiscriminately did the insatiable fanaticism of the conquerors disregard alike supplication and resistance. Some were slain, others were thrown from the tops of the churches and of the citadel. On entering the city, the Duke of Lorraine drew his sword and murdered the helpless Saracens, in revenge for the Christian blood which had been spilt by the Moslems, and as a punishment for the raileries and outrages to which they had subjected the pilgrims. But, after having avenged the cause of Heaven, Godfrey did not neglect other religious duties. He threw aside his armour, clothed himself in a linen mantle, and, with bare head and naked feet, went to the church of the sepulchre. His piety (unchristian as it may appear to enlightened days) was the piety of all the soldiers: they laid down their arms, washed their hands, and put on habiliments of repentance. In the spirit of humility, with contrite hearts, with tears and groans, they walked over all

those places which the Saviour had consecrated by his presence. The whole city was influenced by one spirit; and the clamour of thanksgiving was loud enough to have reached the stars. The people vowed to sin no more; and the sick and poor were liberally relieved by the great, who thought themselves sufficiently rich and happy in living to see that day. All previous misfortunes were forgotten in the present holy joy. The Ghost of the departed Adhemar came and rejoiced: and, as at the resurrection of Christ, the bodies of the saints arose, so at the resurrection of the temple from the impurity of the infidels, the spirits of many of those who had fallen on the road from Europe to Jerusalem, appeared and shared in the felicity of their friends. Finally, the hermit, who, four or five years before, had wept over the degraded condition of the holy city, and had commiserated the oppressed state of the votaries of Christ in Palestine, was recognized in the person of Peter. It was remembered that he had taken charge of the letters from the patriarch to the princes of Europe: it was acknowledged that he had excited their piety, and inflamed their zeal; and the multitude fell at his feet in gratitude for his faithful discharge of his trust, praising God who was glorified in his servant. In wars of ambition subjugated cities, after the ebullition of military lawlessness, become the possessions of the victorious state and public. But in the Crusades each soldier fought from personal motives; and the cause of the war, and not submission to authority, was the principle of union. Personal interest frequently prevailed; and, accordingly, each Crusader became the owner of any particular house on the portal of which he had set his buckler. But the treasures of the mosques were converted to the use of the church and of the poor; and among the splendid spoils of two of the principal temples were seventy large chandeliers, fifty of silver, and the remainder of gold.

“The massacre of the Saracens on the capture of the holy city did not proceed from the inflamed passions of victorious soldiers, but from remorseless

fanaticism. Benevolence to Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics, was no part of the piety of the day; and as the Muselmans in their consciences believed that it was the will of Heaven that the religion of Muhammed should be propagated by the sword, so the Christians were under the mental delusion that they were the ministers of God's wrath on disobedient man. The Latins, on the day after the victory, massacred 300 men to whom Tancred and Gaston de Bearn had promised protection, and had given a standard as a warrant for their safety. Though the religion of Tancred was as cruel as that of his comrades, though his deadly sword had explored every corner of the mosque of Omar, yet he respected the sacredness of his word; and nothing but the interposition of the other chiefs prevented him from retaliating on the murderers. It was resolved that no pity should be shewn to the Musselmans; and the most humane justified the determination by the opinion that, in conjunction with the Saracens of Egypt, they might molest the Christians and recover the city. The subjugated people were therefore dragged into the public places, and slain as victims. Women with children at

the breast, girls and boys, all were slaughtered. The squares, the streets, and even the uninhabited places of Jerusalem again were strewn with the dead bodies of men and women, and the mangled limbs of children. No heart melted into compassion, or expanded into benevolence. The city was washed, and the melancholy task was performed by some Saracenian slaves. No contemporary rejoiced out of general regard to humanity; but every one condemned the Count of Tholouse, whose avarice was more alive than his superstition, and whose favourite passion made him save and conduct to Ascalon the only few Muselmans, except the slaves, who escaped the general butchery. The synagogues were set on fire, and the Jews perished in the flames."

Godfrey of Bouillon was elected King of Jerusalem. The princes conducted him in religious procession to the church of the Sepulchre: but he refused to wear a diadem in a city where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns; and declared that the honour of becoming the defender and advocate of the holy sepulchre, was the summit of his ambition.

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

A LETTER TO THE LADIES.

PERMIT an admirer of your sex, who is earnestly solicitous for your welfare, to direct your attention to a grievance which concerns many of you, and which many have the power to remedy—I mean the preference which is given by the fortunate and fashionable to the men who furnish many articles of female dress, in which it is certainly most proper that your own sex should be employed. Consider, dear ladies, how many things are engrossed by the superior courage and capacities of men; how many modes of life adapted for them in the arts, the sciences and professions; in the army, the navy, the church, the bar; in masculine employments of every kind: and then

think how few are left to the poorer class of your own sex, who are born to eat the bread of dependence. The inferior poor of both sexes are calculated for drudgeries, and are content to perform them; but I am speaking of the middling class of young women, who are educated into such feelings as makes them naturally aspire to some situation in life superior to common servitude. These you can protect if you please—these have a title to your protection: qualified by nature and education, they have a double claim to your patronage; and I trust, when you reflect seriously on this claim, you will be humanely disposed to allow it. Let me suppose a clergyman or tradesman, with a gen-

teel income during life, educates his daughters, as his own ideas direct him, in something of a superior style, without aspiring to the elegant accomplishments. He teaches her in a way adapted to her situation in life, and fondly hopes her education will recommend her to a husband; or if not, that she will be qualified for some genteeler employ than that of a mantua-maker or milliner's journeywoman; and dies with the persuasion, that her education may compensate in some measure, for the deficiencies of fortune. Alas! ladies, where is a young woman of this description, who has the misfortune to survive her friends, to look for any employments but such as are the most servile, the most laborious, the most mortifying to her feeling heart, and discouraging to her aspiring mind? Men can make fortunes a thousand ways—can raise themselves, as many of our first fortunes have done, from poverty to independence. The loss of friends to young men are easily supplied by courage, industry, address, and application; but the well educated young woman has every bar to preferment in life, that the false maxims of her own sex, and the delicate sensibilities of her mind, can cause her. There are few trades by which she can live---there are scarcely any by which she can live comfortably. Haberdashers are engrossed by the men, hair-cutting, and often corset making: the very pins are sold and manufactured by men. Is this right? is it politic? is it, in many instances, decent? In all it is unjustifiable. Have not the women a right to complain that their birthrights are taken from them?

Think, ladies, in how many of the necessary and luxurious articles of dress you may employ your own sex: as mercers, linen-draper, perfumers, glovers, hosiers, haberdashers, &c. &c. If there are many of these articles that must be manufactured by the men, let the men have their share as far as it is proper; but why should the men usurp the female province in standing behind counters to measure a yard of tape, a yard of lace, or of ribbon; to comment on the becomingness of col-

ours, or the fine texture of a lace veil to the disgrace of their species, when a woman would do it better! Could not a woman measure out cloth or silk? Could not a woman sell hosiery? Could not a woman sell gloves or perfumery as well as the men? Those excellent institutions, the Bazaars, prove that they can do it; and more of them would, if their own sex were inclined to support them. It would at least be worth the experiment; it would be a charitable effect to exclude the men from situations in life which do them no credit, for which they are not calculated by nature, and in which very few of them excel.

For the honour of my judicious country-women, we all know there are many instances in which the widows of tradesmen succeed, and support themselves and their families; and why should not their daughters, when arrived to years of discretion, be enabled to follow their example? Education for business, would be much—custom, more; your patronage would do all—it would diffuse a spirit of industry among the idle, of emulation among the dependant; and preserve many unhappy fair creatures from that ruin to which the want of fortune, and the means of acquiring it, so often exposes them.

I appeal to you, ladies, in the disinterested sincerity of my heart; I am persuaded I shall not appeal in vain, I know your judgments will justify me; and the superior sensibility of your natures induce you to favour me with your attention. It cannot appear an unreasonable request, to beg of you to assist yourselves: consider, my fair country-women how frail are the flatteries of fortune—how few of you can depend upon a continuance of her smiles, and how much it becomes your policy, as well as your humanity, to encourage a variety of female employments, as an asylum from want and dependence. Among your own acquaintances, how many of you have witnessed a melancholy reverse of circumstances, where there was the fairest prospects. Some reduced, after enjoying the luxury of a carriage, and every other elegance of

life to a servile dependence on caprice, in offices and situations fit only for servile minds; others reduced to the drudgery of the needle, with scarcely the means of subsisting by it: reflect on the precarious state of trade, if your fathers are merchants or capital tradesmen; they may become bankrupts, or your expectations may be disappointed at a father's death, from the involved state of his affairs; this, too may happen to your husbands, though with the best appearances of success and prosperity, for misfortunes are common to all. In this case how is an unprovided young woman to act, to procure a subsistence? She may, perhaps, be employed as a lady's maid, in which situation, with the best of dispositions, she may acquire a precarious maintenance for the hour, and be constantly liable to lose it; or she may make dresses perhaps, or work for the ready-made linen warehouses, or rather starve on that most laborious industry. She cannot serve as a milliner, she has not been apprenticed to the trade, and perhaps does not understand it at all; and as to getting employments behind counters where little or no knowledge is required, that is almost impracticable, because, as I before observed, most of these engagements are occupied by the men. If left without money (in a manner penniless, as many young women, born to better hopes, have been), she cannot obtain a stand at the Bazaar without paying for it, and stocking it

with those articles she wishes to sell: of whom can she obtain credit? and if obtained how is she to pay it out of her small profits, and be enabled to keep her stand, by paying regularly every week for it? for such is the regulation at the best Bazaar in London; which payment we believe, was formerly made every night.

A very little exertion on the part of affluent females, might enable them to remedy many greivances endured by the less fortunate of their own sex: let me persuade you, dear ladies, to begin the charitable work without delay—encourage every shop that is kept by a woman; if you have abundance of wealth employ part of it in putting out female apprentices; patronize the distressed female offsprings of patient merit; a little money—a little care and pains—some zeal—and the desirable end will be soon accomplished. The men would seek your custom in trades for which they are more properly adapted, and the female citizen would flourish beneath your smiles: you would then not be reduced, as many of you are, to marry disagreeable husbands because they are rich; you would be free women—free to choose for yourselves—free to make fortunes, instead of squandering them away—free from that weight of leisure and ennui to which you are now so much exposed, and by which your best talents are neglected.

A Sincere Admirer of the Fair Sex.

From the London Time's Telescope.

OUTLINES OF ENTOMOLOGY.

ORDER III.—LEPIDOPTERA.

Who can follow Nature's pencil here,
Their wings with azure, green, and purple glossed,
Studded with coloured eyes, with gems embossed,
Inlaid with pearl, and marked with various stains
Of lively crimson thro' their dusky veins.

Barbault.

THIS order includes the scaly-winged insects; they have four wings. The genera are:—1. *Papilio*, butterfly.—2. *Sphinx*, hawk-moth; *Phalæna*.

The species comprehended under the above genera are exceedingly numerous. All butterflies and moths belong to this order. Their wings are covered with a farinaceous powder, or rather with a kind of scales disposed in regular rows, nearly in the same manner as tiles are laid upon the roofs of houses. The elegance, the beauty, the variety of colours exhibited in their wings are produced by the disposition

and different tinctures of these minute scales. The insects of this order, on account of their beauty and easy preservation, have always been the favourites of collectors, and particularly of those of the female sex. When the scales are rubbed off, the wings appear to be nothing more than a naked and often a transparent membrane. The feelers of the *papilio*, or butterfly, are thickest at their extremity, and often terminate in a kind of knob, or head. Their wings, when sitting, or at rest, are erect, and their extremities join each other above the body.

Nature, in these insects, seems to have been fond to sport in the artificial mixture and display of her most radiant treasures. In some, what elaborate harmony of colouring, what brilliancy of tints, what soft and gradual transitions from one to another! In the wings of others we may observe the lustre and variety of all the colours of gold, and silver, and azure, and mother of pearl; the eyes that sparkle on the peacock's tail; the edges bordered with shining silks and furbelows, blended with the magnificence of the richest fringe. In China, the finest and most extraordinary of these insects are sent to court, and applied to the decorations of the emperor's palace.

Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:

See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?

From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

Thomson.

The feelers of the *sphinx*, or hawk-moth, are thicker in the middle than at the extremities, and their form in some measure resembles that of a prism. The wings are, in general, deflected, their outer margins declined toward the sides. They fly about early in the morning, and after sunset; and, by means of their proboscis, like the butterflies, they suck the juices of plants.—The feelers of the *phalæna* are setaceous, and taper from the base to the point. When at rest, their wings are commonly deflected, and they fly during the night. Previously to their transformation, the caterpillars of many of this genus spin webs for covering and protecting the animals while in the chrysalis state. From a species of this tribe mankind have derived one of the greatest articles of luxury and of commerce which now exists in the world. That seemingly contemptible and disgusting reptile the silk worm, in its passage from the caterpillar to the chrysalis state, produces those splendid materials which adorn the thrones of princes, and add dignity and lustre to female beauty.

From the Literary Gazette.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A CATHOLIC

TO THE PROTESTANT RELIGION.

THE history of this conversion was translated into German by a Dr. Hebenstreit, from the Spanish manuscript of the gentleman in question, and bears the following title—"History of my blessed Conversion to the Evangelic Church, by Manuel Mendoza y Rios." The author was born in Spanish South America, in the city of Caraccas, the capital of the province of Venezuela, where his parents possessed extensive plantations. Mendoza, who was brought up in all the superstitions of the Catholic religion, had occasion, when he was

nearly eighteen years of age, to make a voyage on commercial business to the island of St. Eustatius, where he became acquainted with a young Englishman, named John Saunderson; a connection which afterwards ripened into the most cordial friendship. An idea of the fetters in which the Roman Catholic clergy hold the minds of the young, may be formed, when we learn that Mendoza, going one day with his English friend into a Protestant church, his conscience so reproached him for this great sin, as he took it to be, that

he resolved to confess or atone for it by penance, on his return to Caraccas. The remarks made by Saunderson, partly in jest, partly in earnest, upon a papal bull, prohibiting the eating of meat on fast days, excited in his mind the first feelings of doubt, and led him to a serious examination of the Roman Catholic creed. The Englishman had, indeed, an easy game: for he who purchases the bull in question for fifteen dollars, or, if he is poor, for three groats, obtains, among other advantages, the right of uttering the most dreadful curses without any detriment to his salvation: and if he only once keeps fast extra, he gains fifteen times fifteen indulgencies; and if he pays for two such bulls, he enjoys all these advantages two fold. The bull for the dead is equally ridiculous: it is a passport for purgatory, which cost about eight-pence, or the double. He who takes a dozen, and writes a dozen different names on them, releases a dozen souls from purgatory. Another, bull which costs two piastres and a half, renders him who purchases it the legal proprietor of all that he has stolen: he may purchase 50 such bulls in a year; but if he has stolen above 50 times, and so wants more bulls, the Commissary General knows how to meet this exigency.

When Manuel, whose faith in the Catholic religion was already much shaken, returned home, a dreadful event increased his dislike to the highest degree of abhorrence. The son of the attorney-general, and nephew to the chief delegate of the inquisition, fell in love with his sister, was refused, and vowed to be revenged on her. In the night succeeding Allsaints Day, between twelve and one o'clock, the fatal signal of the St. Hermandad, (three heavy, long-sounding strokes, with three weaker and shorter ones between), sounded at their housedown, which they were accordingly obliged to open immediately. Manuel hastened to his father, who was sitting near the bed of his mother, who had fainted, while the sister was gagged and dragged away. She died from the breaking of a blood-vessel in the subterraneous dungeons of the In-

quisition. On receiving the news of her fate, the mother fell back upon her pillow, and immediately expired. The father followed her to the grave on the fifth day. The murderer was carried off by the yellow fever.

After these fatal events, Manuel sold all his property, and rejoined his English friend, with whom he went to Jamaica. There he read and studied the best English works in philosophy and history, and also the History of the Church, by Hencke (a German author), and derived great advantage from the instructions of the Rev. Mr. Brownley, "chief clergyman at Kingston." He also received instructions from a very worthy Danish clergyman, Mr. Suaning; and being thus fully prepared, joined, in 1797, the Protestant church. In the island of St. Thomas, he married a very amiable Danish lady, of the name of Ernestine. I made, says he, a formal proposal (after having carefully observed her character for nearly half a year), at a splendid fete which was given on her birth-day. We were standing at a window, looking towards the sea, before which some fire works were going to be exhibited. I spoke as I felt, calmly, but with fervour. She took the rose, which she wore in her bosom, kissed it, gave it me, and said smiling in tears, "This is my answer."

This marriage was extremely happy, but they remained a long time without children. The physician ascribed this to the climate of St. Thomas. Manuel went with Ernestine to England, and took a pretty house at the finely situated village of Hampstead, near London. The health of Ernestine derived great advantage from the fine air of this place, and still more from the use of sea-bathing, in the Isle of Wight. They passed the winter in the county of Cornwall, at the little town of Marazion, which enjoys the purest and mildest air in the whole kingdom, and where the orange, the lemon, the myrtle, &c. remain through the winter in the open air, if care is only taken to cover them during the night. There, for the first time Manuel read the whole Bible through, and convinced himself that there is no

exalted idea, no moral principle, no means of human improvement, which is not to be found in this book of books.

So long ago as 1809 he foretold the independence of all Spanish America. But he goes further, and prophecies as follows :—"The Creoles will be forced, for the good of the whole, as well as for their own, formally to separate from Rome, and thus to form a schism, which is besides required by Republicanism itself. The Protestant religion will be then easily spread through all South America, from the British islands and North America, by means of the active commercial intercourse, in which we

may certainly depend on the co-operation of the Bible Societies, and the influence of emigration from other countries into those provinces." In order to contribute his share, he wrote an "Essay on the True Religion of Jesus Christ."

As his wife's health and his own did not seem to be so good as it had been, he judged that a change of air might be beneficial ; and left England in 1815, for the south of Switzerland, where he purchased an estate, on which he now resides contented and happy with his amiable family.

CORNUCOPIA

Of Literary Curiosities and Remarkable Facts.

From the English Magazines, July and Aug. 1820.

PLATO'S AMERICA OR ATLANTIS.

PLATO, we believe, is the earliest author who has given us the description of a country, which might be taken for America. While yet a boy, he says, he was told by his grandfather, that, after the gods had divided the universe, Neptune took to himself a mortal spouse ; and, having several children, bestowed upon them their rightful portions of his empire. To Atlas, the eldest, he gave a vast island, beyond the Pillars of Hercules ; which, after him, was called Atlantis. Never, perhaps, was a king blessed with so rich and beautiful a country, or so prosperous and happy a people. The bowels of the earth teemed with the precious metals ; while the surface displayed every variety of nutritious and aromatic plant, root, fruit, and flower. The woods furnished a covert for all descriptions of useful and comely beasts ; and were replete with birds of every sort, whether distinguished by the beauty of their plumage, or the melody of their notes. Innumerable ships, capacious harbours, magnificent bridges, splendid edifices, gymnasia, hippodromes, aqueducts, reservoirs,—every thing, in a word, which indicates the highest state of opulence, prosperity, and civilization,

—might be found in the felicitous dominions of Atlas. The temple of Neptune alone was six hundred and twenty-five feet long, and three hundred and sixty broad ; with spires of silver, columns of gold, and walls and pavements of brass. This vision was too bright to be permanent ; and, that the end of the story might be consistent with the beginning, the whole island of Atlantis is said to have been swallowed up, at last, by a voracious whirlpool.

WELSH DISCOVERY of AMERICA.

The Welsh are the next claimants to the original discovery of America. In the year 1170, the sons of Owen Gwyneth are said to have contested the succession to North Wales ; the eldest being "counted unmeet to govern, because of the maim upon his face." Madoc, one of the brothers, seems to have thought, that his own prospect was hopeless, or that it was hardly worth while to quarrel for so trifling a stake ; and he resolved to seek some other region, where it would not be necessary to establish his title by force, or to maintain it by oppression. Sailing westward, from the northernmost point of Ireland, he came, at length, to a country, where, though he "saw ma-

ny strange things," he found no inhabitants; and where, of course, he might rule without the fear of competition or dethronement. He returned to provide himself with subjects; and setting sail again, with a number of ships, is supposed to have planted a colony in the New World. This tale only exists in the traditional poetry of the Welsh; and, though it found converts during the last century, the expedition of Lewis and Clarke has dissipated the fable of Welsh Indians up the Missouri.

INDIAN OPINIONS.

Indians, says EZEKIEL SANDFORD, in his History of American Aborigines, look upon white men with contempt. They think us a paltry race; and sometimes through malice, but more frequently from indifference, will make any answer, or tell any story, which first enters their thoughts. A few leading questions, as they are called, will commonly extract just what is wanted; and perhaps no person was ever disappointed in finding, among the various tribes, some traditional corroboration of a preconceived hypothesis. They amused one of our travellers, for instance, with the story, "that they originally came from another country, inhabited by wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, which was narrow, shallow, and full of islands, where they had suffered great hardships and much misery, it being always winter, with ice and deep snows. At a place they called the Coppermine River, where they made the first land, the ground was covered with copper, over which a body of earth had since been collected to the depth of a man's height. They believe, also, that, in ancient times, their ancestors had lived till their feet were worn out with walking, and their throats with eating. They described a deluge, when the waters spread over the whole earth, except the highest mountain, on the top of which they were preserved."

The natives of Cuba are said to have had a still more satisfactory account of the flood. They told the Spaniards that an old man foresaw the intention of God, to punish the world with a deluge; and building a large canoe, he

embarked with his family and a great number of animals. As soon as the waters had subsided, he sent out a raven; which found carrion and did not return. A pigeon was then let loose; and it soon re-appeared with a sprig of *hoba*. At last the ground became dry. The old man quitted his canoe; and making some wine of the wood-grape, drank till he was intoxicated, and fell asleep. One of his sons mocked him; but the other covered his body; and, when he awoke, he blessed the one, and cursed the other. Had this account been more vague and general, we should have been very suspicious of its real existence; but, it is presuming much too far upon our credulity and prepossession, when travellers expect us to believe that the Indians have preserved, by merely oral tradition, the particular details of an event, of which we should know nothing, had not the account been revealed by the Divinity, and recorded by Moses.

VOLUNTARY DEATH BY FASTING.

A remarkable proof of the extravagancy of fanaticism, and of the misery which it will induce human nature to endure, was given last July and August, by a *Bania* in Gojerat, of the *Vohr* caste. At their annual fast of *Pujoo-sun* the man expressed his determination to abstain from food till he died. He had previously fasted from the 26th July to the 25th August, from which date he took a small quantity of food during four days, and then commenced his total abstinence. In this resolution he persevered till the 3d of October, when he died; having thus fasted 66 days, deducting the four in August. A small portion of hot water daily, was the only thing that passed his lips. At the end, he was, as may be imagined, extremely emaciated, but his senses remained perfect to the last moment of his existence. He consequently became a Saint among the Jainas.

MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

It is stated by a foreign writer, that the Monks of Mount St. Bernard seldom attain the age of 35 years: the cold and damp generally destroy them

between the ages of 20 and 30. A subscription has been set on foot on the continent, to erect a building for these humane beings, less injurious to health than that which they now inhabit.

FIDELITY AND SAGACITY OF TWO DOGS.

Mr. Editor.

Sir,—If the following instances of canine sagacity should be thought worthy of a place in your valuable Magazine, the insertion will greatly oblige your's, respectfully,

T. M. Harrison.

Ilminster, Somerset, May 20, 1820.

THERE are but few animals, (if any) in this country, that exceed the dog for fidelity or sagacity. A few years since, I was informed by a pious woman in the parish of Winterborne, that a tanner, in the same parish, had a large dog, of what is generally called a mongrel breed, to which was committed daily a number of great and small pigs to conduct into the lanes to graze; to which he daily attended in the summer, returning with his herd in proper time in the afternoon. It so happened on a day, as this dog was returning with his charge, that one of the little pigs got entangled amongst some timber, lying by the side of the road, from which it could not extricate itself. Whether the dog seeing it in that situation, attempted its relief, is not quite certain. However, the dog left his charge, and ran to the house of the relator of this circumstance, and with great eagerness began to scratch the door with both feet, till the good woman went and opened it. The dog looked on her with great earnestness; and being well known, she said to it, "What dost thou want?" As soon as she had spoken, the dog took hold of her apron, and began to pull her from the door, towards the place where the disaster had happened. As neither pigs nor timber could be seen from the woman's habitation, she proceeded onward with the faithful animal, without knowing to what spot, or what distance, she was to be led. The dog, however, retaining his hold of her apron, conducted her to the lane in which the pigs had been left, and guided her to the spot

where the little one lay entangled among the timber. Seeing its situation, she exerted herself to accomplish its deliverance; and having effected it, and set it among the rest, the dog seemed highly pleased, and went home with the herd as usual.

Another instance of canine sagacity which occurred at Pitton, a village about three miles from the above, is as follows.—A pious person belonging to a family that kept sheep, about three years since, one day observed, that one of his flocks, about a mile distant, had broken through a gap, into a neighbour's field. He took the dog, and pointing it across the vale, set it off to drive them back. This the dog readily attended to, and soon drove them through the same gap into their own field. The work being accomplished, he speedily returned to his master, and resumed his former duty. The circumstance reminded me of what is said in Job xii. 7. "Ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee."

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The examination of flowers by the microscope opens a new field of wonder to the inquiring naturalist; by which we are enabled to perceive that the minutest works of Nature are adorned with the most consummate elegance and beauty. As one proof, from innumerable others that might be selected, I beg to subjoin Sir John Hill's interesting account of what appeared on examining a carnation; first published in the *Inspector*, No. 109. "The principal flower in this *bouquet*, was a *carnation*; the fragrance of this led me to enjoy it frequently and nearly: the sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions; while that was satiated with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attacked by an extremely soft but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal, within the covert, must be the musician, and that the little noise must come from some little body suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower,

and, placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking and capering with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre! I was not cruel enough to pull out any one of them for examination: but adapting a microscope to take in at one view, the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together without giving them the least disturbance. Thus could I discover their economy, their passions, and their enjoyments. The microscope, on this occasion, had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation. The base of the flower extended itself under its influence to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bottom of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants: these from little dusky flies (for such only the naked eye would have shown them,) were raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with living purple, and with a glossy gold that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison. I could, at leisure as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vieing with the empyrean in its blue; and their eyes, each formed of a thousand others, out-glittering the little planes on a brilliant; above description, and too great almost for admiration. Here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades, of the poet's fancy, realized; here the little animals spent their days in joyful dalliance; or in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees; or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf,

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to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity."

CURIOUS CUSTOM.

Mr. Urban,

AMONGST that vast variety of strange Tenures which our ancestors seem to have industriously exercised their fancy to invent or establish, I have scarcely heard of one more curious than that which is said to belong to the Manor of Thongcastor in Lincolnshire, where, according to various accounts, "the lord has a right to whip the Parson in his Pulpit." Mr. Arthur Young, in his View of the Agriculture of the above-named County, has hastily glanced at this custom, from the traditional report of the neighbourhood; but unquestionably some of your intelligent Correspondents are able to afford more particular information upon the subject, and it will be esteemed a favour, if, through the medium of your Publication, a credible account of it may be obtained.

At present all that I learn is, that the Manor of Broughton in Lindsay, about two miles from Brigg or Glandford Bridge, is holden under that of Castor, or of Harden, in the parish of Castor, by the following service; viz. that annually upon Palm Sunday the Deputy of the Lord of the Manor of Broughton attends at the Church of Castor with a new cart-whip in his hand, which he cracks thrice in the Church Porch, passes with it on his shoulder up the Nave into the Chancel, and seats himself in the pew of the Lord of the Manor, where he remains until the Officiating Minister is about to read the Second Lesson. He then proceeds with his whip, to the lash of which he has in the interim affixed a purse, which ought to contain thirty silver pennies (instead of which a single half-crown is substituted); and, kneeling down on a cushion, or mat, before the reading-desk, holds the purse suspended over the Minister's head all the time he is reading the Lesson; after which he returns to his seat; and, when the Divine Service is over, leaves the whip and purse at the manor-house.

It is said that the silver pieces have some reference to those which Judas received as the wages of his iniquity ; and that the three cracks of the whip in the Church Porch allude to the denial of our blessed Saviour by St. Peter.

DEPRAVITY.

Our readers doubtless recollect the story of Inkle and Yarico, so simply and pathetically told by Steele in the 11th No. of the Spectator. Mr. Thomas Inkle, aged 20 years, bound to Barbadoes in the good ship called the Achilles, was the son of an eminent London citizen, who had instilled into his mind an early love of gain. On the voyage, they landed on the main coast of America ; and the party having wandered up the country, were attacked by the natives, who slew the most of them. Mr. Inkle escaped, and throwing himself tired and breathless on a little hillock, was discovered in that condition by an Indian maid, who became enamoured of him, hid him in a neighbouring cave, carefully supplied all his wants, watched over his person, day and night, and finally, at his solicitation, abandoned her country and friends, and went with him to Barbadoes. Mr. Thomas Inkle had scarcely got safe on shore, when he bethought him of the loss of time he had sustained, and the consequent loss of money—and without the least hesitation, he sold his faithful preserver to a Barbadoes planter—making use of the girl's touching plea, that she was with child by him, as a reason for rising in his demand upon the purchaser.

This story is founded upon a fact, which is to be found in Ligon's History of Barbadoes. It took place in 1647. Notwithstanding the general improvement of the world, we find an instance of depravity, almost as hideous, related in a recent publication, which has also some features in it that reminds one of the Barbadoes atrocity.

M. Lazare, a native of Provence, and trader of Martinico, but since residing at Port Spain, embarked on board a Spanish launch on the Orinoco, which was to take him to San Thome de Angostura. He carried a very considera-

ble venture with him, and had a young Negro of 14 years old as his servant. When the boats arrived at the islets of the Orinoco, a Spanish sailor proposed to his comrades to murder Lazare and his Negro and seize on the cargo. As all the rest were not so ferocious as the author of the proposal, it was decided that Lazare should be left on one of those desolate islets ; and fearing that he might escape by swimming to some adjacent one inhabited by the Gouaraouns, they bound him to a cocoa tree—thus condemning him to die of hunger. When those monsters returned on board the boat, they deliberated on what they should do with the young Negro, and it was decided that he should be drowned. He was therefore thrown into the river : they also gave him some blows on the head with an oar, but these did not prevent him from diving and swimming to the islet on which his master had been left : fortunately the darkness hindered them from seeing him when he reached the shore. At daybreak the little Negro roamed about the island, and at length discovered his master, whom he supposed to be dead, fastened to a tree. Lazare's joy and surprise on this unexpected sight of his servant may be readily imagined. The cord which bound him having been untied, his first expression of gratitude was a positive promise of liberty to his slave. They next went in search of some food to satisfy their hunger ; but perceiving traces of human footsteps, Lazare, shivering with fear, spoke to his Negro of people who roast and eat men. After mature deliberation, they determined that from the certainty in which they were of starving, or of not being able to escape, they might just as well go and meet the men-eaters. For tracing the track they soon heard human voices ; and a little after saw men perched up in the trees, in a species of nest proportioned to their sizes.—“ *Comé, Comé,*” said a Gouaraoun to Lazare, looking at him from his roost. “ *Heavens,*” cried the Provencal, who understood Spanish, “ *they want to eat us.*”—“ *No, Massa,*” replied the little Negro, who had some knowledge of the English lan-

guage, "they are only calling us to them." The Gouaraoun soon put an end to their anxiety by shewing them two large pieces of fish, and inviting them by signs to climb up the tree and partake of his meal. The little Negro soon reached his host, but Lazare not being able to climb, they threw down several pieces of fish, some raw and others dressed, which he devoured most voraciously. [With the kind aid of these generous savages, Lazare contrived to get to Port Spain, and the author thus finishes the story :]—The reader will be impatient to know how he recompensed the Slave who had saved his life : he will naturally follow him in his mind's eye, conducting the faithful Negro before a magistrate, to establish his freedom. Vain illusion ! The infamous Lazare being in want of money, a short time after sold this very Negro."—*Descrip. Venezuela, by M. Lavayse, 1820.*

REMARKABLE GRANT.

Mr. Urban,

The following is a remarkable Grant of *Dengy Hundred* in Essex. In the time of Edward the Confessor, all that part of ground now known by the name was a forest, as appears by a Grant of that Prince to Randolph Peperking among the records of the Exchequer, as follows,—a specimen at once of the generosity and undesigning simplicity of the times :

"Iche, Edward Koning,
Have geven of my forrest and keeping,
Of the Hundred of Chelmer and Dancing,
To Randolph Peperking, and to his kindling ;
With Hearte and kind, Doe and Bocke,
Hare and Fox, Cat and Brocke,
Wild Fowell with his Flocke,
Patriche, Fesant Hen, and Fesant Cocke,
With green and wilde stobe, and flocke,
To keepen and to yemen by all his might,
Both by day and eke by night ;
And Hounds for to holde
Good, swift, and bolde :
Fower Grey-hounds and six Racehes
For Hare and Fox and wild Cattes.—
And therefore Iche made him my booke ;
Witness the Bishop Wolston,
And booke ylered many on,
And Sewyne of Essex, our brother,
And token him many other,
And our Steward Howelin,
That besought me for him."

NOVELTY IN RESURRECTIONARY SACRILEGE.

At Frankenthal, near Manheim, a piece of ground has just been granted to the Jews, for a burial ground. According to their religious customs, they immediately consecrated it by the sacrifice and inhumation of the finest cock which they were able to procure. The savory appearance of the victim having tempted a dozen poor Hebrews ; they assembled in the night, profaned the asylum of the dead, dug up the cock, and put him upon the spit. This singular theft was not discovered till some days afterwards, to the great scandal of the whole synagogue.—*Lit. Gaz. Aug.*

COUNT PERGAMI.

The following are particulars respecting the Count : "The first introduction of Pergami to the Queen was one of pure accident. Her Majesty was walking along the hall of an inn in Italy, when Pergami, who was there by chance, observed her train entangled, and with great address and humility stooped down to disengage it. His manner pleased the Queen, who asked the people of the house about him, and was informed that he was a courier in the service of Gen. Pino. The General, on being sent for, gave the Queen so favourable an account of Pergami, that her Majesty engaged to take him into her service immediately, if Pino would consent to it. The latter, who remained to dinner with the Queen, immediately consented, and on his return home, saw Pergami, to whom he said, "Pergami, I have made your fortune." The occupation of Pergami for some time was that of courier ; but by degrees he acquired the confidence of his Royal Mistress, and was finally made Chamberlain of her Household. Reports much to the Queen's disadvantage had by this time been made in different parts of Italy, and the decorations with which Pergami was covered gave great offence to a few of the old Italian Nobility. The rumours against her Majesty at length became so serious, that the Milan Commission was appointed, the expenses of which are said

to have been nearly 10,000*l.* in less than five months. This Commission was conducted with much delicacy : but it is rumoured, that a person connected with the proceedings clandestinely laid them before the agents of a certain illustrious individual, who was thus enabled to ascertain the full amount of the charges against her.

SYCOPHANT.

Many English readers are unacquainted with the origin of this word. It signifies literally, "an exhibiter of figs ;" from *Συκος*, *figus* and *Φαίω ostendo*. The exportation of figs was prohibited by law at Athens. Those who gave information of any committing this offence, and substantiated the charge by producing the article unlawfully sold, were called *Συκοφάνται*. Informers were never looked upon with much respect, and hence the name of *Sycophant* became associated with ideas of meanness and shabbiness of character.

HA ! HA !

When, among the improvements in laying out grounds, the *sunk fence* was introduced, the name now given to it is said to have been suggested by the surprise occasioned to the people by the unexpected termination of the walk—a termination not perceived till nearly approached. *Ha ! Ha ! We did not foresee this impediment to our progress.*

THE BEAR, A BULL.

Between the New Street and the Haymarket, in Piccadilly, are two taverns ; the one with the figure of a white bear, as large as life, for a sign, and the other with a black bear of nearly the same size ; but the whim of the thing is, that over the *Black Bear* is inscribed in large letters, "THE SPREAD EAGLE."

BELGIAN CARNIVAL.

It is not perhaps generally known, that a grand jubilee, similar to the Carnival of Venice, is celebrated every fifty years at Brussels. The present is the jubilee year : the festivities commenced on the 16th instant, and would not terminate till the 30th. According to

tradition, this custom originated in an event which took place in the year 1370. A Jew who had committed the crime of sacrilege, was marked out for popular vengeance by a miracle.

It is somewhat singular, however, to observe a catholic miracle, celebrated by a ceremony entirely pagan and which might have served in ancient Rome for the festival of Apollo or Venus. The Naiades and Syrens figure in the processions, and Love is carried on a swan. The lovers of natural history may also be gratified by the display of a complete menagerie ; for lions, tigers, eagles, crocodiles, &c., sustain prominent characters in this whimsical jubilee.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE IV.

We copy from a Paris Journal the following anecdote of his present Majesty, George IV. :—"When the late Duke of Orleans was in London, prior to the French Revolution, he lent to the Heir-Apparent of the Throne of Great Britain considerable sums of money, which finally amounted to several millions of francs. Of this debt the present Duke knew nothing, until he received a payment on account from the agent of the King of ENGLAND, who, on his accession, appears to have hastened to pay the debts he incurred as Prince of Wales. A part of the money has been dedicated by the Duke of Orleans to the payment of the purchase-money of some woods and forests which the Duke has bought, to the amount of five millions."—(*Journal des Debats.*)

THE DIAMOND.

Dr. Brewster has discovered a curious phenomenon, which appears to elucidate the nature of this substance. Sir Isaac Newton observed, from a comparison of the refractive powers of various bodies, that amber and the diamond had a refractive power three times greater, in respect of their densities, than several other substances, and he conjectured that the diamond was "probably an unctuous substance coagula-

ted." Subsequent discoveries of the properties of sulphur and phosphorus have corroborated this opinion. Dr. Brewster has observed, both in flat diamonds and those of a perfect crystalline form (as well as in amber), the existence of globules, or small portions of air, the expansive force of which has communicated a polarizing structure to the parts in immediate contact with it. This structure is displayed by four sectors of polarizing light encircling the globule of air, and can be produced artificially in glass and gelatinous masses. It must have been produced by the expansive force of the included air, when the substance was so soft as to be susceptible of compression from so small a force. Hence we are led to the conclusion that the diamond originates, like amber, from the consolidation of perhaps vegetable matter, gradually acquiring a crystalline form, by the influence of time, and the slow action of corpuscular forces.

IMPROVEMENT ON SCISSORS.

A very valuable improvement has been made on scissors. It is especially so to those employed for delicate operations in surgery. The objection to the common scissors is, that in the act of cutting, they to a very considerable extent, compress and bruise the parts. This is owing to the edges being set very strong, and to the particular angle at which they are set; and is sufficient to account for wounds made by scissors refusing to unite by what surgeons call the first intention. To remedy this defect, it was lately suggested to Mr. Stodart by Dr. Wollaston, to give to scissors the same kind of cutting edge that a knife has. This has been done, and the success has fully justified the experiment. The operation of Hare lip has been repeatedly performed with the knife-edged scissors both on the infant and on the adult, with complete success. The operation is in this way performed with facility to the operator, and in less time than with the knife; and consequently a less degree of pain to the patient. This improvement need not be confined to the science of

surgery. A variety of delicate fancy-work is performed by scissors, all of which will be much better done by giving them knife-edges. There is a little art in setting the edges, readily acquired by practice; this must be done with a view to the kind of work for which the scissors are intended. This improvement may easily be applied to common scissors, by grinding down the outer sides of the blades.

REMARKABLE VISITATION.

The following remarkable visitation happened about 50 years ago, in the neighbourhood of B——, in the county of Antrim, and remains yet fresh in the recollection of many living witnesses, and from its singularity, is worth recording. In the ploughing seasons for some years, a number of sets of plough irons had been missing in the neighbourhood, and not the smallest trace of them or the thief could be discovered. This was considered the more extraordinary, as it was then, and still is, thought next to sacrilege to steal anything connected with ploughs or harrows. At this time there lived a man in the neighbourhood, very industrious, but rather of a parsimonious and miser-like turn, to whom the slightest suspicion of dishonesty was not then attached. One morning, however, at breakfast, this man was missed by his family. The alarm was given in the neighbourhood, and upon diligent search, he was found drowned in a hole he himself had from time to time made in the bog by cutting turf. His feet and legs, which first attracted notice, were above the surface of the water near the edge of the pool—but how were the spectators astonished and horror-struck when they found a plough chain about his neck, and all the irons belonging to it, and a number of other plough irons under him in the water! which, from the position he was found in, plainly shewed he had been carrying the burden on his back, suspended to the chain about his neck—and when in the act of stooping to throw it into the pool, the weight from his back coming suddenly round with a jerk, put him off his balance, and

dragged him into and kept him under the water, by which he was suffocated—but the astonishment of the neighbours was still more increased, when they found in the pool not less than 28 sets of plough irons, which had from time to time been deposited there by this miserable wretch who could not think to make any use of them during his life for fear of detection.

Prevention of Contagion.—Gauze veils, on the principles of Davy's Safety Lamp, have been recommended by Mr. Bartlett, as preservatives from con-

tagion. This hypothesis is of so much importance to humanity, that we hope to see it tried by the most critical experiments.

Died at West Stoke, aged 62, Mr. Mark Cobden, gamekeeper to his Grace the Duke of Richmond; in which family he had spent the whole of his life. He was at one time esteemed, according to the Cricketers' phrase, the longest arm in England. In 1792 he was matched to throw a five and a quarter ball, in Goodwood Park, for a considerable wager, with the Earl of Winchelsea, whom he beat by three yards, pitching his ball the first throw 119 yards.—His Lordship had never before been beaten.

POETRY.

HYMN

For the Royal Humane Society.

By Mr. Montgomery.

WHEN *Israel*, press'd by Pharaoh, stood,
Affrighted, on the Red-sea shore,
At thy rebuke, O Lord! the flood
Retir'd—the ransom'd tribes pass'd o'er.

When Peter, walking on the wave,
Felt his faith fail, his courage sink,
Thy blessed Son was there to save,
And snatch'd him from destruction's brink.

Within thy courts, great God! behold
This little, grateful band appear;
O'er these the whelming waters roll'd,
But help was nigh—and they are *here* :—

Here, in thine house their vows to pay,
And praise Thee with their living breath ;—
Where had their Spirits been this day,
Hadst Thou not rescued them from death ?

Redeem'd from the devouring tomb,
Restor'd to life, and joy, and love ;
O save them from a deeper doom,
And to a happier world above !*

* We quote the following passage of the last Annual Report :

"Of thirty-eight instances of attempted suicide, thirty-four have been restored. The addition of the successful cases of the present to those of past years, presents a total of four thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine persons saved and restored in the Metropolis and its neighbourhood, since the commencement of the Institution. And it is a fact important to be known, that the number of persons actually restored, has borne, since its establishment, a continually increasing proportion to the number on whom its resuscitating processes have been tried. This pleasing circumstance connects in one harmonious result, the progress of science with that of philanthropy."

THE WHITE HORSE OF WHARF-DALE.

From Tradition.

(By the Author of Legends of Lapidosa, &c.)

O SISTERS : hasten we on our way—
The Wharf is wide and strong !
Our father alone in his hall will say,
" My daughters linger long."
" Nay, tarry awhile in the yellow moon light,
And each shall see her own true knight,
For now in her boat of an acorn-shell
The fairy queen may be,
She dives in a water-spider's bell
To keep her revelry :
We'll drop a thistle's beard in the tide—
'Twill serve for bridles when fairies ride ;
And she who shall first their White Horse see
Shall be the heiress of Bethmeslie."

Then Jeannette spoke with her eyes of light—
" O if I had fairy power,
I would change this elm to a gallant knight,
And this grey rock to a bower :
Our dwelling should be behind a screen
Of blossoming alders and laurustine ;
Our hives should tempt the wild bees all,
And the swallows love our eaves,
For the eglantine should tuft our wall,
And cover their nests with leaves ;
The spindle's wool should lie unspun,
And our lambs lie safe in the summer-sun,
While the merry bells ring for my knight and me,
Farewell to the halls of Bethmeslie !"

Then Annot shook her golden hair—
" If I had power and will,
These rocks should change to marble rare,
And the oaks should leave the hill,
To build a dome of prouder height
Than ever yet rose in the morning light.
And every one of these slender reeds
Should be a page in green,
To lead and deck my berry-brown steeds,

And call my greyhounds in ;
These lilies all should be ladies gay,
To weave the pearls for my silk array,
And none but a princely knight shall see
Smiles in the lady of Bethmeslie."

Then softly said their sister May—

"I would ask neither spell nor wand ;
For better I prize this white rose-spray
Pluck'd by my father's hand :
And little I heed the knight to see
Who seeks the heiress of Bethmeslie !

Yet would I give one of these roses white

If the fairy-queen would ride

Safe o'er this flood ere the dead of night,

And bear us by her side.

And then with her wing let her lift the latch
Of my father's gate, and his slumbers watch,
And touch his eyes with her glow-worm gleams.
Till he sees and blesses us in his dreams."

The night-winds howl'd o'er Bolton Strid,*

The flood was dark and drear,

But through it swam the fairy-queen's steed

The lady May to bear ;

And that milk-white steed was seen to skim
Like a flash of the moon on the water's brim :

The morning came, and the winds were tame,

The flood slept on the shore ;

But the sisters three of Bethmeslie

Return'd to its hall no more.

Now under the shade of its ruin'd wall
A thorn grows lonely, bare, and tall,
And there a weak and weeping weed
Seems on its rugged stem to feed ;
The shepherds sit in the green recess,
And call them Pride and Idleness,
But there is the root of a white rose-tree
Still blooms at the gate of Bethmeslie.

Woe to the maid that on morn of May

Shall see that White Horse rise !

The hope of her heart shall pass away

As the foam of his nostril flies,

Unless to her father's knee she brings

The white rose-tree's first offerings.—

There is no dew from summer-skies

Has power like the drop from a father's eyes ;

And if on her cheek that tear of bliss

Shall mingle with his holy kiss,

The bloom of her cheek shall blessed be

As the Fairy's rose of Bethmeslie.

V.

LINES,

*Addressed to Dr. Rees, on the Publication of the last
Part of his Cyclopædia.*

'TIS sweet, to mark a stately column rise,
And watch its progress till it gain the skies ;
'Tis sweet, to view a highly cultured soil,
With golden harvests crown the labourer's toil :
And sweet, his cares, his pains, his wanderings o'er,
To view the sailor reach the wish'd-for shore.

* Coleridge and Rogers have made this Strid famous, and the White Horse is still expected to rise on the Wharf near it, when travellers are drowning.

Such thoughts, such feelings animate my soul,
To see thy work attain its destined goal.
I hailed the morning of its bright career,
But smiling hope was clouded, by the fear
Lest some disastrous ill should cross its way,
And its proud march to fame and honour stay.
My fear was vain : before my eyes at last,
Thy latest volume spreads its treasures vast.
That work is worthy of a Nation's care,
Which stands confessed to shine without compare.
Here, genius, taste, and learning, all combine,
And round thy brow their blended laurels twine.
Britannia's Muse with conscious pride surveys
A British work, and wakes the note of praise :
Reviews the stores with which thy page is fraught,
From all the mines of varied knowledge brought ;
Recounts the sons of Science, who conspired
To make thy work esteemed, acclaimed, admired ;
But mostly lauds, and chiefly gives to fame,
Those matchless plates inscribed with Lowry's name.
Lowry, whose powerful genius could impart,
New charms to science, and new grace to art,
And with unrivalled talent proudly teach,
How near perfection's height the works of man might
reach.

H.

SCOTCH AIR.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shin'd, now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
When I remember all,
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;
Feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed.

VENETIAN AIR.

By the same.

Oh come to me when day-light sets,
Sweet, then come to me ;
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When mirth awake, and love begins
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
O then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet, like thee and me ;
When all's so calm below, above,
The heaven and o'er the sea ;
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,
And echo rings again,
So sweet that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.

Barcarolles are the songs chanted by the Venetian Gondoliers.

THE WARRIOR'S FUNERAL.

Suggested by the song "Merrily, swim we," in the Monastery.

DOLEFULLY mourn ye!—the night raven screams
And the moon will soon sink, as the morning gleams.
Dolefully mourn ye! for this is the hour,
When the Kelpy is dancing in dangled bower:
And while he skips to the screech of the owl,
He's no friend to the rosary, credo, or cowl;
Come, brothers, come, to the work of death,
And pray for the spirit that slumbers beneath.

Dolefully mourn ye!—the night raven screams,
And the mountain shadows grow faint in the streams;
Dolefully mourn ye!—for this is a night,
Whence blessed to mortals is morning's light—
The elfin wons in the in the vallies, and hark!
Beneath the deep ravine the ban dogs bark;
Let the palmers pray, and the pilgrims weep,
For the warrior below sleeps the dreamless sleep.

Lay his corpse beneath the oak,
Which ne'er was scathed by woodman's stroke;
Lay him down—with his spear in its rest,
His faulchion, hauberk, mail, and crest.
Wrap his martial cloak for a shroud,
While the moon-beam sleeps behind a cloud;
Place on his mortal remains—the sod—
Peace to his ashes!—Rest him God!

Hie brothers, hence—'tis matin time,
The cottar is up—hark he chaunts to the chime,
Of the lofty-tinkling—matin bell—
Which floats in the breeze over mountain and dell.
Rest thee—rest thee—Warrior brave!
There's one above—who has power to save.
When the vesper bell of the abbey shall toll,
The monks of St. Francis shall pray for thy soul.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

FROM a willow suspended
A Minstrel's harp hung;
All its music was ended,
Its chords were unstrung!
The youth wont to sound it,—
How sweetly!—had fled,
And the flowers that still crowned it
Were faded and dead.

His fond hopes were thwarted
Who best knew its tone,
And among the cold-hearted
He wandered *alone*.
With no star-beam to brighten
His pathway of pain,
Nor one kind ray to lighten
Griefs—cherished in vain!

Yet not always dejected,
And lone had he roved,
Not always neglected,
Unknown, or unloved;
But the few who had proved him
Were far o'er the wave,
And the one that best loved him
Was laid in her grave.

For this in his sadness
The lyre he forswore;
And the bright beam of gladness
Fell on him no more.
Now sweet vigils he keepeth
Where woe cannot come,
And beneath the sod sleepeth
The sleep of the tomb.

INTELLIGENCE.

NEW WORKS.

ONE of the most remarkable volumes has appeared within the month that has for a long time challenged the curiosity of the public. It is a collection of those early records of the History of Jesus Christ, and of the writings attributed to his disciples, which, for unexplained reasons, were rejected by the councils of Laodicea and Nice, and which have hitherto either been scattered in expensive collections, or published in forms chiefly addressed to the learned. These most curious Histories fill a volume of the size of the New Testament, whose "*Apocryphal*" Books they properly constitute, and they will command the attention of all, and the respect of those who do not yield their faith to the authority of Popish councils. In matters of doctrine they are important, and as topics of history and research, they are inestimably curious. The language of the translation is often bald, but it is that which has been adopted by Jones and other Biblical critics, and the present editor has done what Stephens did for the canonical books, by dividing the whole into verses for convenience of reference.

The Natural History of Ants; translated from the French of P. Huber; with additional Notes; by J. R. Johnson, M.D. F.L.S.

Lochiel; or, the Field of Culloden. 3 vols.

Tales of Imagination. 3 vols.
Tales of the Heart; by Mrs. Opie. 4 vols.
Sintram and his Companions, a Romance, from the German of Baron la Motte Fouque.
The Crusaders, an Historical Romance of the 12th Century; by Louisa Sydney Stanhope. 5 vols.

Sacred Leisure; or, Poems on Religious Subjects; by the Rev. Francis Hodgson A.M.

Mr. Wilson, who has been elected Professor of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh, is the author of the *Isle of Palms*, *City of the Plague*, and other beautiful poems. According to report, he is also one of the most able and constant contributors to Blackwood's Magazine, whence we hope his new Moral pursuits will not necessarily remove him, as we have been often delighted with the articles said to be from his pen.

The Author of 'The Widow of Nain,' intends shortly to publish a new Poem, under the title of *The Outlaw of Taurus*, with a few Specimens of a free translation of the '*Oedipus Colonus*,' of Sophocles.

The celebrated dog which used to perform in the melo-drama of the *Chien de Montargis*, died lately in Paris. A lithographic likeness is already published of this admired performer, who could never be prevailed on to sit for his portrait, during his life time.